Madrid 24/10/1989 Tuesday https://leticiagolubov.co.uk/my-first-year-in-london/
temperature 20c
We arrived here yesterday at 7 in the morning. The temperature was a chilly 15c. Nine hours in a plane full of Spaniards. One of my mum's friends, Edson, recommended a hostel, in the Calle de Infantas, which is more like a shitel. No TV in the bedrooms, or breakfast. At least it's cheap and it's right in the center, in a quiet street. We left our things here, slept until noon and then went out to eat.

Cigarettes are sold in machines and, provincial that I am, couldn't resist and bought a packet of Winston. So much for stopping smoking... But as soon as I finish this pack I will stop!

We went for a walk around Puerta del Sol and stopped at a newsagent to buy postcards and The Financial Times. I fell in love with Madrid, so beautiful. The streets are busy, like in Rio, and the Spanish are very guapos! Never seen so many handsome men in one day. They have that latin way and I flirted a lot.

But then it all went wrong. My mother and I went to a pharmacy to buy shampoo and cream. As we were paying my mum couldn't find her purse. The purse with all our money. I had to force myself to breathe. She had forgotten it at the newsagent... We ran back and, obviously, the purse wasn't there. Either the man who works there took it, or someone else did... My mum nagged the man to death, he told her to go to the police. So we ended up at a police station in Calle de la Luna, and on the way there my mum was hysterical, saying she was going to mug someone so she wouldn't be at a loss (and I'm the immature one?). I became her mum at that point. For the first time in my life I went to a police station for a 'robbery'. In the end they said she was negligent and we could only expect to get the documents back. Whoever took it did well, four hundred dollars, five thousand pesetas and fifteen new cruzados. Not much in the grand scheme of things, but it was all we had for our stay here.

We found £3 and 250 pesetas, i.e. NOTHING. We then got lost on our way to the hostel (bloody hell, it's like some black magic curse, 'urucubaca' in Portuguese), the streets here don't seem to have names, only a few. The Madrileños aren't very courteous, but a rule breaker explained how we could find our way back. Turns out we had been going the opposite way! Once we got back my mum went to Telefonica, to call London and ask for money. The guy at the hostel said it happens here all the time, they open your bag and you don't even notice and my mum decided that's what happened. Although I find it very doubtful that I wouldn't have noticed someone getting their hands in her bag...

When she got back we went to an 'espelunca' (a food establishment of very low standards) for me to eat a sandwich for 190 pesetas. It was disgusting. We went back to telefonica and she phoned Carmen, not sure what for. We got back to the room and because of the three hour time difference I only went to sleep at three in the morning, and I had a terrible stomach ache, because of the damned sandwich. All that was missing was the ceiling falling on my head.

Today we woke up at one in the afternoon and my mum phoned the Banco do Brasil, money wasn't there yet. As the banks shut at two, it will only be there tomorrow. My mum went to exchange the £3 (about 500 pesetas) but they don't exchange coins. And so we had 60 pesetas left, what to do? That wasn't enough to eat. We went for a walk in a wonderful park, huge and verdant. We stayed there all afternoon taking photos. The sun here is weak and mild. Saw lots of people from everywhere, a lot of English people come here. The city really is amazing.

And so we had our enforced fasting and then managed to buy some popcorn. My mum is always fasting and is used to it, but I was starving, with a headache... The popcorn helped a bit and there will be nothing else to eat until tomorrow. We got back to the hostel at 5pm. My mum called the embassy and tomorrow she can go there and borrow 100 dollars (12000 pesetas), but also the money from London should arrive tomorrow. I did say I wanted to go straight to London, but my mum insisted on coming here. We go to the UK the day after tomorrow. My mum is too crazy for my liking. When things get pressurised she loses her cool, becomes irrational, idiotic, hysterical and I need to make her snap out of it.

Apart from hunger and the mugging, everything is hunky dory! I dreamt I was saying goodbye to everyone in Rio and Gustavo was kissing me in front of everyone. Then I dreamt Orlando had broken up with Ale and was seeing Karina.

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There were even people speaking in Spanish in my dream!

Just now my mum asked the owner for a glass of milk for me, they then realised our situation and brought two glasses of milk and two egg sandwiches. My mum and I had a laugh at the situation. My mum saying nothing like that ever happened to her and me thinking it was all very cool indeed.

Madrid 25/10/1989 Wednesday
Well, the penance is over. My phone just phoned from Banco do Brasil saying the money had arrived. When we were at the airport in Rio, we bumped into Eneas, the PRONA candidate. He is such a character! We have only been here for two days but it feels like weeks. I keep imagining what I'd be doing back in Rio and always conclude I'd be doing nothing much. Here is more interesting. While I'm waiting for my mum I'm reading '1968, the year that never ended' (About the dictatorship in Brazil). Yesterday I finished reading a book by Dina 'Palmas pra que te quero'. Due to the timezones, insomnia is all pervasive. When I sleep I have mad dreams. Tonight I was pregnant and Gustavo was spoiling me with tenderness and hugs, telling everyone he was going to be a father. What the heck? My other dreams are even crazier, but maybe best not to talk about them. Hasta Luego! (my Spanish is so shit, they speak so fast, sometimes I don't get anything at all. I think my English is better than my Spanish and I lived in Mexico for 2 years!)

So, in the afternoon, loaded with money, we went out to eat. Afterwards we went shopping and walked to the Prado museum. Nearly lost my senses! Because we got there at five, and it closes at seven, we only managed to see a few painters. Amazing. But after a while I got tired, my feet were hurting me. We walked back.

We rested a bit and then went out for another walk. There's more people in the streets at night than during the day. It seems everyone goes out after work for a walk. We went to Plaza Maior, which is currently being refurbished. We went to a cafe and some guy started talking to us, saying he has been to Brazil. I was starting to talk to him, but my mum wouldn't let me! There are lots of Brazilians here, we met two at the hostel.

Madrid 26/10/1989 Thursday
We go to London today at 17:00. I woke up at 8:30 this morning (5:30 in Brazil) and organised my things. When my mum gets back from her run we are going shopping. Still not used to the 3 hour difference!

London 27/10/1989 Friday
We arrived here yesterday at 7:30, at the airport. We took a taxi. The taxis here are trippy! It's very strange, the cars going the other way, cars going on the left instead of the right. Crossing the street is the worst, I always look the wrong way! We arrived at the student accommodation (in the center of London, Euston) and I sat on the stairs, waiting for my mum to get the keys from a colleague. It took her one hour! While waiting I got to practice my precarious English. First with a japanese woman (or chinese? not sure...) who asked if we were moving in, where to, etc. I answered as well as it was possible for me. Then an Australian asked if I knew any bars in the area, he stayed and chatted for a bit. My English is pretty useless. Then an African man turned up, and after speaking in English we started talking in Portuguese (so he's probably from Mozambique?) - I could finally tell someone why I had been sitting on the steps for too long.

My mum finally turned up and we came to flat 5. This is where Carmen lives, she's in Brazil right now and we can stay here until we find a permanent place. This flat is filthy and we need to get the communal vacuum cleaner to clean it. Today, at 11, after lots of crazy dreams (only Freud can explain...) I woke up. My mum and I had an *homeric* (ie. epic) argument, to start the day. She's so annoying! Then we went to LSE and bought some food. Do I even have to say how different everything is here? Everything needs coins in the flat to work, electricity, washing machine (also communal). It's only cold in the street, in the flat the heaters are on twice a day. In the supermarket you have to put £1 in the trolleys and then you get it back when you return it. £1 is about how much a packet of cheap cigarettes costs.

Our last day in Madrid: we went out to eat, then to the post office, then Plaza Maior. I bought a toreador souvenir, I just had to! Then we went to a shop called 'Vitamina'. All sorts of smoothies, caipirinhas, caipiroskas. The owners are Brazilian.

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I haven't seen any tall buildings around, everything is low rise. Londoners don't like tall buildings and it makes it feel like you are in a small town. It's great!

We went to two Brazilian friends' flat, nearby, to pick up Carmen's tv. We chatted until very late. They said the English are neurotic and prejudiced... My mum is one of the oldest people in this student community. The average age is 32 for these masters and PhD students. We couldn't not talk about politics. According to the polls my dear Lula is in second place.

London 28/10/1989 Saturday
Today I got to know a bit of London. In the afternoon we got in the 'tube' (we are staying right in front of Euston Station) and we went to Piccadilly Circus, right in the center of town. It was so windy! The metro lines here are very confusing. There are twelve lines criss-crossing, they almost tie into a messy knot. When we changed in Leicester Sq., there was a man playing and singing 'Comfortably Numb' wonderfully. He was blond and had lots of hair. wow! I nearly stopped. We took the two level bus, the touristic one, from Trafalgar Square (my memory is good today!) and we drove past some of the most historic areas of London.

All very amazing, ostensive, imposing... I saw the Thames river! How many amazing places we don't get to see in this big world! One life isn't enough to see it all. But I want to visit a non touristic area in the city. All I can say is that I have seen a lot and this made me want to see more, in all its detail and depth. We got back to Trafalgar square and ate pizza. It's autumn and it's so windy, it makes it hard to walk, it disturbs my steps and pushes and pulls me. I don't like it, but I must have lived here before, I feel at home... The best thing about it is that I can be whoever I want, how I want, because no one gives a damn! I need to start some English classes!

London 29/10/1989 Sunday
With rain coming down we took the tube to Waterloo and to the banks of the Thames. I really like wearing those long coats down to my knees. The rain was very light and thin and constant. Annoying... We sat down in a restaurant and I tried tea with milk, tasty! Meanwhile a man played violoncello next to us. So melancholic. We got back and walked around Euston station. I bought a birthday card for my cousin and wrote to her. It's weird, but I don't feel like writing to anyone. I have completely switched off from the other side of the Atlantic, it just seems to have happened this way. There are so many new things there seems to be no time to look back.

But... my dreams. they compensate for the forgetfulness that happens during the waking hours. Last night, half asleep and half awake I heard the phone ringing and a woman speaking in English: '*there was an accident, a tragic accident'* but I couldn't understand the rest. Then I started to feel really shivery, so shivery it hurt, to the depths of my soul, and I woke up. It was awful. After worrying for 10 minutes I went back to sleep. I dreamt that my aunt and I were going to Friburgo and my aunt was driving. I was screaming that we shouldn't go because I had a dream about it, a dream about an accident, and it was a warning!

London 31/10/1989 Tuesday
Today we went to a police station to get a Green Card for me (an Id card for foreigners), then Post Office, then Banco do Brasil... My mum took me to Saint Paul's cathedral. The weather here is completely crazy! One minute it's sunny, then the wind blows and it rains, then it's sunny and warm, then cold and more rain... My mum made me eat a disgusting vegetarian meal, but I was so hungry I ate it all.

Today we are looking for a place to live in the British Council and they offered us a flat in the north of London. For £105 a week, one bedroom, furnished, with tv and phone, central heating. It's a LOT of money, it's 50% of my mum's grant! We saw a three bedroom house for £180, in a better location, which we would share. It's the same price in the end but I'd have my own bedroom. However, we would have to find someone to share very quickly, as Carmen is back on the 9th and her studio is too small.

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In the evening we went looking for English courses, but they only have places in January! It's a better course and cheaper, so I'll just not do much until then. Will also start a short course in computing in January. In September I intend to start a degree either in Biology or TV (haha, what a contrast!), by doing this I can stay here for longer.

I'm stressed out, I want us to have our own place NOW!

London 01/11/1989 Thursday

My period hasn't arrived yet... We found out that Silvio Santos has taken Aureliano Chaves' place as candidate for president. Only in Brazil! *E mole?* (slang, not sure how to translate literally, but it means 'can you believe it?', mole means soft).

Yesterday we went to view a flat - one bedroom, in Wood Green. The owner of the flat is an old Greek woman, she's amazing. She speaks Spanish, Italian and English. She spoke to us in Spanish and English at the same time. Hilarious... My mum thought it was too expensive and too far away, and too small... Would need to take a bus and tube to get to LSE. I'm really stressed out now!

Today my mum is going to see a three bedroom house, but how are we going to find someone to share it with, at such short notice? I feel really irritated by this situation. Don't feel like writing to anyone and until something is sorted I won't be able to feel like writing to ANYONE. Yesterday evening (after we got back from Wood Green), my mum got the vacuum cleaner and I cleaned the flat from top to bottom, it was filthy!

Later an Israeli friend of my mum's came to visit us and I practised my 'Inglishi'. I don't speak English, I speak Inglishi. Today I didn't leave the flat and my mum went to college. I started to do some exercises, but only managed half an hour and stopped, didn't feel like it. My mum and I are arguing a lot, it's the stupid stress of not having anywhere to live.

London 04/11/1989 Saturday

Had no time to write! Yesterday an acquaintance of Carmen's arrived here. Her name is Diva Francesca and she's an opera singer. Poor Diva, used to all sorts of luxuries, ended up in this dump... What you gonna do? She must be older than 60 but she is very youthful, open and friendly. I hadn't smoked for over a day (my mum said she wouldn't buy any more cigarettes) and Diva had lots of them! My mum brought a friend of hers here, Paulo Speller (who was arrested in 1968) and we all went out. We went to a very deserted bar. Paulo is so handsome and charming, oh God! He has a son my age but they have gone back to Brazil. They lived here for four years. We talked, mostly about the elections, that's all Brazilians are talking about, the first democratic elections since the military coup.

Angela is another Brazilian who lives in flat 23 and she mentioned there may be a job at Pizza Hut. She will call someone called Patricia who works there. Not a great job, cleaning tables for £2.30 an hour, but it would be great if I got this job!

Today Diva and I filled ourselves up with courage and went out without my mum. We took the tube to Oxford Street and walked the whole length of it, both sides, going inside every single shop. Then we came back, no problems. We bought some food. Then we went out again, to Trafalgar Square and I took her to the tourist bus. We sat at the top, open top, and it was disgracefully cold and windy. I took 30 photos. London is quite something! We got back to Euston station, had a hot chocolate and returned to this depressing flat. My mum was looking for somewhere to live all afternoon.

London 1989 photos https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/sets/72157594400906844

London 07/11/1989 Tuesday

Diva leaves this evening. On Sunday the three of us went to Spitalfields Market where they sell everything, very cheaply. It was incredibly busy, hard work walking around. We then went to Pizza Hut (I had called on Saturday night and Patricia spoke to a manager who told me to go there) - we ate and he said there were no vacancies. My face fell... I thought that if he asked me to go there it's because there was something. But to call me there to say there are no

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vacancies!!! What for? I was really indignant. Why not just tell Patricia there were no vacancies. What a filthy man. I had made all sorts of plans, and tchibum! Thrown in the cold water. I'm ok now, but at the time I was really down... Not to worry, plenty of shitty, badly paid, jobs around, I'm sure of that.

On Sunday my mum went out and I called my cousin in Brazil, to wish her a happy birthday. Spoke to my aunt too, with a lump in my throat, I miss them so much. My mum got back and I put the phone down, but she clocked it and lectured me for half an hour. At the time I was certain I was getting the job and I told her I'd pay her back, but now there's no job on the horizon.

Yesterday my mum and I had another homeric fight, this time with Diva in the audience. It was a stupid argument caused by *pre-domicile tension* (that's the worst pun ever!), lack of money... I guess I need to grow up, my selfishness extrapolates the limits of rationality sometimes. It seems I won't be doing much until January.

In the morning I went out with Diva, I have become her tour guide and photographer in exchange for cigarettes, it would seem. Diva bought a film and I took it all of her. My impressions of the star: she talks about herself all the time, and has some interesting stories to tell. She's on a different level, no? She says she's a socialist, but the way she was consuming I don't really think she is. She seems to live a very glamorous life *(I never figured out why she was slamming it with us...)*
https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/311515177/in/album-72157594400906844/

London 09/11/1989 Thursday
We have a place to live and we start moving tomorrow. Carmen is due to arrive tomorrow too. My mum went to see it on her own, so I don't know what I'll be moving into. All I know is that it's one-bedroom, split level, on the Piccadilly Line, near Arsenal Station. It's a 3 storey house, the owner is a Jamaican lady, we live on the mid level, and upstairs a Brazilian couple. I don't get how on a 3 storey house, each with their own floor, our flat has 2 floors? I'll find out tomorrow because my mother's descriptions aren't very trustworthy.

First romantic scene in London: this one was cinematographic! I was going to Euston to buy cigarettes and change some money to 10p coins for the electricity meter. I was walking down the stairs and there was a guy on his way up. It was something.... He walked up slowly and I, who was running down, suddenly slowed right down when I saw him. And then we wouldn't take his blue eyes off mine and I was staring back. When we walked past each other I couldn't handle it and looked down. He was gorgeous. What a magic moment that was. It made my day.

I made a study entitled self-portrait and the photos were ready yesterday. I took all the photos and they are ok. Well, I thought they were great, my mum said they were 'reasonable' She knows about photos a lot more than I do. I'm doing another one, in black and white next time.

I keep trying to write to people, but after a few sentences I run out of things to say, I lose steam. I hope I can write again when we move.

London 11/11/1989 Saturday
Carmen arrived last night, bringing news, hot from the press, Veja, Casseta, JB, O Globo... The election has become the joke of the century! Sarney, wanting to topple Collor, asked Silvio Santos to put himself forward as a candidate. The idiot accepted it! The PMB candidate sold his 'sigla' (acronym) to Silvio Santos. What a mess. Silvio Santos, famous tv personality that he is, went straight into second place. But his candidacy wasn't official per se, despite him taking part in the campaign. Then, yesterday, just before Carmen left the TSE didn't approve Silvio's candidacy. But now it's chaos, 4 days before the election there is no favourite! I wish I was back in Brazil seeing all this close up. PT (Lula's party) was involved in some 'cheques scandal', but it was all investigated and turned out to be a smear campaign, all lies.
Also there was a complete collapse of a favela in Sao Paulo, which Maluf used as a stick to beat Erudina up with, but it didn't stick either. I think Lula will make it through the second round. I really hope so!

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We moved yesterday evening, well, we came to the new house and brought some things with us, the rest is still at Carmen's. Our journey here was tragi-comic. On Friday even the three of us, carrying as much as humanly possible, got on the tube. Half way through the a tunnel the tube stops and stays like that for 10 minutes. I kept trying to figure out what was going on and I came up with a thousand hypothesis, except what it really was, as this never happens in Brazil.

Someone starts talking on the tannoy, possibly the conductor. The only word I managed to get was 'BOMB', and I froze up to my soul! (Brazilian expression 'gelei ate a alma'). They suspected a terrorist device in the train we were in. Bloody hell! Everyone looked pale and frozen, and panicked... But very quiet. No one said anything. The train started to move and the voice told everyone to get out quickly as soon as he stopped the train. As it took forever to get to the next station, how we agonised thinking we were going to be blown up at any instant. I was swearing at the driver, who kept stopping all the time... Worst minutes of my life!!! Finally the train stopped and everyone got out quickly, and us with all that luggage... Everyone just stood around, waiting for the train to blow up? I didn't understand. We also stayed. The platform was packed. After a few minutes another voice says it was a false alarm, wrong information... Fucking hell! Just as well, because if there had been a bomb we would have all blown up given how long we were stuck between stations.

It seems they don't know how to deal with it despite there being so many terrorist attempts.

We got home and soon after took Carmen back to the station, she had to travel back on her own! The house is lovely, from the last century. Each floor is split into two levels. The oven is quite something. The furniture is outdated and tasteless, but it'll do. The floor isn't very firm, it creaks a bit. I'm a bit worried I'll land on the Jamaican lady's head if I fall through. But I'm happy with it! Very happy.

London 12/11/1989 Sunday
Yesterday, after going out for a walk in the park nearby (Clissold Park), with my mum, and some shopping, I did a massive spring clean of the flat. It must have been quite something as I've lost 2kg from Friday to Saturday!

The Brazilians who live upstairs are Marco and Heloisa. The Jamaican lady - I forgot her name - is a very tall black woman, with red hair. She's friendly and larger than life. Yesterday evening we went to Carmen's to get more things and wash some clothes. I got back and wrote to some friends, Gustavo, aunt Jo, my cousin and aunt, Lu, Patricia, Silvana, Reco and Tuira. Alexandra, Gino and Ana Claudia will have to wait a little longer.

Check this out, a packet of cigarettes costs £1.75. Yesterday we went to a second hand shop and I bought a new skirt and velvet trousers for £1!!! Cigarettes are indeed very expensive, and the tube too!

London 14/11/1989 Tuesday
Tomorrow is a very historic day for my country! I'd give a year of my life (or more) to be there. My God, how am I missing out on this crucial episode of my country's history? How I wish I could be there.

Yesterday I saw fog for the first time in my life. Beautiful. Couldn't see anything further than 3 metres. My mum went out in the morning and only came back in the evening. I went to the post office, which is about 2km away and posted the letters. I didn't have a penny for cigarettes, so I walked back picking butts off the floor and smoking them. Got home, got changed, and went for a walk in the park. I walked for 45 minutes and picked up lots of cigarette ends. I'm seriously addicted, it would seem.

Got back, ate, read a bit from the Dicionario Kazar and slept from 2-5. Woke up and had a bath. Ate again. How dull, there's no TV. Ai ai.

Today my mum left some money to exchange for 50p coins, for the gas meter. I bought cigarettes instead, my mum is going to kill me. Also found a post office closer by. The cigarettes were £1.72 and I gave her £1.75 but she decided I had given her £1.65. My English had to think fast and come to the rescue: "I'm sure I gave you £1.75" I managed to

Oletícia Gouboy, 1989 - 2020

say. She counted the money again and realised I was right and gave me the change. I decided to go home a different way and nearly got lost. But what other means do I have for getting to know the area? I'm bringing a map next time.

The rental tv arrived this morning (rented for £10 a month) and it has a thing called 'Teletext' on all 4 channels. It's a type of newspaper, with lots of information like weather, news, kids..., I have been exploring it a lot.

London 15/11/1989 Wednesday BRASIL
Arse! It's 19:35 and I saw NOTHING on TV about the elections in Brazil, all they talk about is Perestroika here, Berlin Wall there, ambulance strikes... Don't these stupid imperialists realise what an important day it is in Brazil? Instead they had a report about Lambada, 'the rhythm that has invaded Europe', this alienated Europe! I'm dying to know what's going on there, it must be boiling!

Went out with my mum, picked some photos up (http://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/sets/72157594400906844), bought a black and white film. The photos I got today were from the day I was out with Diva and I took some photos of London from the bus. They are reasonably great! This B&W film I will use all on me. Then we went to the opticians.

The English are good at making money, so much so the opticians are inside the shop that sells glasses. I'm having new glasses made, but my mum didn't have money for new contacts. They are not so expensive back in Brazil, also my mum earned more there. We ate and then I went home alone. I nearly got lost on the tube when I was changing at King's Cross. It's so confusing, so many lines in there! Nearly got on the wrong tube. But this wasn't the time for me to get lost!

There was something on the news, briefly, about elections, but nothing I didn't know already. They must have closed the voting and now we just have to wait ANXIOUSLY for the counting. It was a very dirty, funny campaign, I will never forget it. The cherry on the cake would be for Lula to win.

London 19/11/1989 Sunday
Two nights ago I dreamt that Lula and Collor went to the second round. The last we heard (we had dinner with some Brazilian friends) it seems likely it will happen. Lula has 19%, Brizola 18% and Collor 25%. The states where Brizola has voters, Rio de Janeiro and Rio Grande do Sul, have had their votes counted already, so he won't be getting many more. Lula has more support in the other states. Getting very excited! There was a time I didn't think Lula would even get to the 2nd round. The 2nd round will be tough but I think Lula will win.

Yesterday me and my mum went to Safeways to do some shopping. It's about 3km away, we walked there and back. We bought so much stuff. When we were walking back, with all the shopping in a trolley, and there were thousands of people leaving the football match, the streets were packed. I kept bumping into people with the trolley.

Yesterday they showed 'Baila Comigo', a really archaic soap, the English must think we are a bunch of idiots. I wish they showed 'Roque Santeiro' or D. Beija and 'Guerra dos Sexos', but if they showed them here, the English would never ever want to watch their own soaps again, because they are rubbish.

In the evening we went to a Brazilian friends' flat for dinner, but first we got lost, we couldn't find their house, so we ended up calling them. We finally arrived, they were just waiting for us to serve dinner, something Moroccan, very nice. There were seven of us. I had a bit of wine and got dizzy - and red, whenever I drink wine I go red!

Everyone there wanted Lula to win. Then silly Carmen decided to be unpleasant and ask my mum for the money she owes her right there, in front of everyone. While the others discussed the fact that the black population is growing here, and whether it will ever surpass the native English population: fact or fantasy (I've not a clue, I only just arrived here!) - Carmen kept nagging my mum for the money. My mum should have changed the subject but she kept on feeding the furnace. I had to stop myself from telling them to shut up. Then they realised what they were doing and stopped, but by then the atmosphere was tense.

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The rest of the evening saw Carmen playing the 'goody-goody', my mum making drama and the rest of us pretending we weren't noticing any of it. Sometimes it's like she's my daughter, she does stupid things and I have to give her a lecture. She listens, because I'm quite good at telling people what they should do, in theory. I wish I'd follow my own theories, but theoretically speaking, they are nothing more than theories.

We got a taxi home, I had no cigarettes, Joel and Isabel gave me 4, thankfully. How could I cope with those two arguing like that without smoking? To make things worse my mum gave the driver the wrong directions and we ended up in the opposite direction of where we were meant to be. The driver took the map out and got us home, he didn't charge us any extra, good guy.

Carmen is the kind of person who makes things more difficult even when she's meant to be helping...

London 22/11/1989 Wednesday
A month ago I was leaving Brazil and everything changed so much in that period. You wouldn't believe it!

Today was a day more than amazing. It started off pretty badly, I had a headache and was arguing with my mum. She went and left me without a penny! Guess what I did? I broke into the gas meter. It was full of 50p coins, about £50! I took half, £25 is a lot of money! Don't know why I didn't do this sooner. But I nearly shit myself. While I was in criminal action Mrs McKook (the landlady) knocks on the kitchen door. I jumped up and stopped her from coming in and tried to cover the sink so she wouldn't realise what I was doing. She left a message and went. Off I went, out into the street, very happy, to buy some cigarettes and post a letter. Once that was done I went for a walk in the park…
I was walking minding my own business when I heard a 'psiu' - I looked, and a guy, from far away, asked me the time. I didn't have a watch, so I said that and carried on walking. He called again and asked me to go where he was. So I went, thinking he'd ask for a cigarette. He asked where I was from. He was pale, blue eyed and blond... His face was red with the cold. He said he'd find me a job and that I should meet him at 4 and then he'd tell me if he found me a job. I kept my distance, thinking he might be drunk, or he might be crazy, but he seemed ok... David. We arranged to meet and as I walked home he ran after me. He's very friendly and talks a lot. In the end we arranged to meet at 3. We were walking and I stepped on some shit... He said that was good luck.

So I went home and decided not to think too much and act. We met at 3 and he said his mum would talk to someone to see if there were any babysitting jobs going. I went to pick up my B&W photos (they were absolutely awful, damn!). David said he liked me and wanted to be my boyfriend. What??? Slow down!!!! Next thing I know we were walking holding hands.

Because of the cold I brought him to our flat, we had tea and I showed him my photos. Sometimes he talks and I really don't understand a word, and he tries everything to make me understand. He's very polite and gentlemanly, he's 22 years old. We came to the living room and he asked for a pec on the lips. I wasn't too keen and he apologised. We cuddled and then started kissing. I can't believe what's happening! He left and said he'd come at 9 so we can go to see his flat. He said that when he saw me walking with my unusual clothes and tight jeans he didn't think twice and came running after me. This would never happen in Brazil! We talked a lot and he said he was going to take me everywhere. Yeah, why not? David... My mum said she'll be home at 22:30 so don't think I'll go out with David (my mum has no key). Ah, he's a decorator and seems very proud of his job. Who'd have thought, me having an affair with a decorator. I really wasn't counting on finding a boyfriend so soon!

London 23/11/1989 Thursday
People are so horrible, they can't see someone happy and they start throwing flour in the 'pirao'. Seems like a long time has passed since yesterday. These unexpected moments can last an eternity... Let me explain why I complain. David came here at 9 and stayed until 10, when my mum arrived. We had so much tea yesterday I was going to the toilet all night. So I introduced them to each other and he left.

Then the lecture started. 'How do you bring a complete stranger here?' She is completely right, of course, I know I was stupid, but it was so cold! I shouldn't have done it, but it's done. She kept on going for about an hour: that the

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English think foreigners are whores, that they are all perverts and that they are all mad. What a lot of nonsense! It's like saying all Brazilians are thieves!!! She's so bitter, my mum. I trust my instincts, let's see what happens. I agree that a man who starts making conversation at random in the street doesn't bode too well, but there are exceptions.

He came today (we arranged to go for a swim) and I was down, afraid and tired (didn't sleep well, kept going to the loo and having dreams). He came ready to swim but I didn't want to go. I said I was afraid and that I don't know anyone and I don't know what he thinks of me... He apologised, said he understood my mum and that there's no need to worry.

Well, then we went for a very long walk, I never walked so much. I got a key cut for the door and he gave me a key ring for it. We met one of his SEVEN brothers! His eyes are like sky blue, very intense. Today he explained his father had a painting and decorating business and he was the only son with an interest in it, so he looks after the business. Very badly by the looks of it, because he wasn't doing much work today. We were walking and he'd give me a kiss every 10 steps "I'm very glad to have met you! Do you like me? I make you happy?". He made me feel good. We looked at records, jackets and ate. Then we went to a pub, I had some wine, him coke, and we had a game of snooker. I won one game and he won the other game.

David smoked hash in the middle of the street mixed with tobacco, I declined. We went to another park, it was a beautiful day, sunny and warm. We took a train back because my feet were really hurting me. When we got here I opened the door and bumped into Ms McKook, she had a terrifying face on, so I told David to go away. She started having a go at me, so I went to David's flat instead. We got the key from his mum's, saw the brother with intense blue eyes, he said hi. He said his mum thought I was nice, but he was just trying to flatter me. I really felt the cold today. We got on the bus and David just seems to know everyone! There were no lights in the flat, what the hell? The flat is big, but he says he stays with his mum, the flat is to 'relax in', is what I concluded. We downed a bottle of milk, he smoked hash again, my teeth were chattering with the cold, the heating wasn't on. We hugged and kissed for an hour, then we left as my mum was due home soon. He said "I think I'll fall in love with you", I said "Me too" (My Inglish is very goode!) - the only missing thing were angels playing harps.

Got home and Ms McKook called me to talk about David, she said the same as my mum really. She's very friendly. After my mum got in she came up for a chat. They said for us to go slow (they don't even know about our love affair), not to bring him there, get to know him more.

Ok, people! I should really be worried, start going out with someone the day we meet it something only someone crazy, naive or stupid would do. But I'm young (as Chico Buarque says), and young people don't incarcerate themselves in the prison of predictability. I have worried enough, if it goes wrong it goes wrong. People keep filling my head with their prejudice and paranoia. If it doesn't work it doesn't work. They are worried about being robbed or raped. He gave me a photo of his, a little teddy bear. He knows about Gino, my boyfriend in Brazil and he told me about a girlfriend he had for 5 years. Five! She dumped him for someone else. That's it, tomorrow we will take some photos.

London 25/11/1989 Saturday
Yesterday my mum and I met David, on the corner, my mum went to college and we went to take photos and walk around the West End. We walked lots and then ate. We went to a park and stayed there for two hours, trying to communicate. It's frustrating wanting to say things and not being able to. I really don't like it, I like talking a lot but can't do it properly in English. We left at 16:30. He wanted to go out tonight but I was tired, so I lied and said I was going out with my mum.

I was really exhausted, not used to walking in this cold weather, which I have been for the last 3 days, not eating enough. Had a lovely bath, stayed there for an hour! Then I tried to watch a Hitchcock movie but decided to rest my skeleton instead.

Met David today and took some photos around here and took the film to be developed. I told him I was busy tomorrow, too much of him and I'll get fed up. The nail on my right toe is black, I think it's going to come off!

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London 28/11/1989 Tuesday
Watched two great movies last night: The first night of a man and Psycho. Had a really bad stomach ache yesterday, it was incredibly painful and lasted hours. It started with a light pain at 2 in the afternoon, when I got home and ate (had been out with David) it went haywire. From seven to eleven I was contorted in pain, I cried, and thought I was going to die. I asked my mum to call a doctor and she said there was no need! I drank tea, tried every position, tried hot water bottle and nothing. Later Ms McKook gave me something, and I started watching the movie and started to feel better. These pains keep on tormenting me, but last night was the worst so far!

So yesterday I spent the day with David, and his friend Mike. We spent most of the time at his brother's flat, who has a cute dog! I had very deep conversations with the dog. Around 3 David's brother and his son arrived. Then three guys. One of them was going to try cocaine for the first time. David and his brother didn't have it, only the black guy. His English was so full of slang I didn't understand a word of it. The three guys left and David and his brother were having a go at the black guy, telling him he shouldn't have tried it. David brought me home at 16:30, which is when it gets dark. A bit depressing that is.

I went to pick up my new glasses and David was meant to come here at 3 for us to pick up the photos. No sign of him by 3:20 so I went alone. The photos were good, I got 38 shots out of the roll of 36. David turned up at 4:30 and said he was late because of work. He took the photos to show his mum and said he'd be back at 6.

London 30/11/1989 Thursday
It happened... Yesterday David and I met at 10 in the morning (so hard to get up so early with the cold). Went to his flat as he wants to move there and decorate it. He wanted to clean it all up. He took the old carpet out and is going to put a new one in. I was so tired and it was cold so I lied in the bed. He laid down too and the rest is biology. He has a lot more experience than Gustavo or Gino and it was great! But I'm not sure why I don't feel so happy now. I feel guilty, like I have done something wrong. Maybe it was too soon. On the other hand it was good. I don't think I want to like him, he's talking about us moving together! No chance! Routine destroys relationships. We went to eat a McDonald's, David met a friend and they were chatting. On the way back we saw a dead body and two policemen keeping guard. David turned to me and said "He's dead... And I love you!" Even he couldn't believe he said that, so he said it again. We just burst out laughing in the middle of the road.

Yesterday he called me to go to the flat again, this time to actually clean it. I told him to call me at 10 (I wanted to be alone today) and would let him know then...

I had decided not to go, but woke up thinking I was going, but then he didn't call, I think he didn't' call, can't hear the phone from the bedroom (I turned the bell down, it was too loud).

London 02/12/1989 Saturday
David called yesterday at 5 and we went out to pay bills for the flat, the heating bill. I was in a bad mood and mostly ignored him. I was singing in Portuguese all the time. When we got to the place to pay the bill he was £6 short (the bill was £48). He said he'd drop me home, get the money and come back at 1:30. I got annoyed about going all the way to the shop for nothing, and gave him a look.

On the way back I told him I felt like I was about to explode, that I didn't feel good and I didn't know why. I was feeling so irritable, PMT maybe. Anyway I'm not a fool who is happy all the time. He didn't seem impressed by my musings. What does he want, a doll who has no problems or feelings, who does whatever he wants when he wants to amuse him? Fuck off. Anyway, he dropped me off saying he'd be back at 13:30 and no sign of him yet and it's 23:00 the day after! Not sure why, he's just vanished, but to be honest, I'm really not that bothered. I'm a long way from having strong feelings for him... Maybe he's found some other foreigner walking in the park. I'm now thinking that because he slept with me he's not interested anymore, and if that's what it is then good riddance!

London 05/12/1989 Tuesday

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David called on Sunday, apologising, saying he'd been busy. I said I was going out with my mum and couldn't see him. He asked if we could meet on Monday, I told him to call then. On Monday we went to have lunch at Carmen's and I read the Folha de Sao Paulo from 16th to 18th of November and caught up on the elections.

Lula beat Brizola by a close margin! I watched the UK snooker championship, loved it! Steve Davis lost to a 20 year old called Stephen Harris. It was great... Then my mum and Carmen had a big fight, what a show, but I don't even want to talk about it, boring!

On Monday David called and I said I couldn't see him, I have other stuff to do and he can't vanish and then click his fingers. He came in this morning at 11, I called him in for tea, my mum was in, then we went to his flat, after waiting for a bus for an hour. I had my period but we ended up making love. Never did it before while staring at someone for so long and it was lovely! The only missing thing was me being in love. I'm worried he's taking this seriously, he asked me and my mum to go meet his family. I really don't want any of this, please! We stayed in the flat from 12 to 3:30, came home, had a bath. There were two letters waiting for me!!! At last someone wrote to me.

London 09/12/1989 Saturday
On Thursday evening my mum and I went to the embassy to justify our non-vote (voting in Brazil is mandatory) and then to Pizza Hut, they are looking for people so I was told to go back yesterday to speak to the manager. After that we went to ILEA so I could take a test and enrol in the English course. Classes start on the 9th of January. Then we went to LSE, to some party organising committee meeting, which aims to collect money for Lula's campaign. There were 10 Brazilians there and I offered to help prepare the hall, I have to arrive at 4 on Friday.

David came here yesterday morning and then went to see a house he needs to paint. At 2:30 I went to Picadilly to check out the job at Pizza Hut. The manager wasn't there, and was only there in the evening. On Thursday they told me he'd be there at 3... I left very frustrated and went walking around, seeing if there were any jobs. Walked past Kentucky Fried Chicken and they had an advert on the window. Got in and the manager called a Brazilian who works there, Debora to explain how to fill in the form. Both managers are Italian, then Debora, then the rest of the staff are Portuguese. Everyone thinks Debora is from Portugal, I was talking to her for ages. It was decided I was to go back today, with my documents. Didn't mean I had a job, I still need to be interviewed. I hope I get in, would start from the bottom, but should be able to work the till within a month.

From there I went to LSE to help out prepare the hall. Only Rodrigo was there, he's about 23 years old and is here for an adventure... I helped lots then went out to get something to eat with Carmen. My mum arrived at the party at 7:30. Angela introduced me to her daughter and two friends. Angela's daughter, Maira, is 18 years old, I can't remember the other girls' names. We stayed together all night. One of the girls, the one who was the most fun, is 17 and has been here for a couple of months, the two others have been here for 2 years. The party was a SUCCESS!!! It was so busy there was no space to dance! I tried to teach someone how to dance lambada, but he was useless. There was a Capoeira roda and Ze Indio invited me to play, but I didn't have the white clothes. I just clapped instead.

They collected 4000 dollars and it's all going to Brazil. What a great party!!!

London 10/12/1989 Sunday
Yesterday afternoon my mother and I went to Kentucky and Ivo (one of the managers) told me to go to a job centre and get a form so he could fill it in and I could have my National Insurance Number. I think this means I have a job?

After that we went to watch the debate between Lula and Collor. There were 60 people there and Lula was great! Collor is very populist and only fools will fall for that. I do want Lula to win, but maybe it's better if he loses because he'll be handed over a hell of a mess! He won't be able to achieve much in one term and will damage PT's image, just as it's starting to grow.

After the debate me, my mum, Carmen, Ze Indio, Lilian and Claudio went to the pub to talk. My mum and Carmen left and we stayed behind. I was the young brat of the group. We went to Lilian and Claudio's to talk some more. We

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talked about: Cocaine, murders, weed, drug trafficking, Brasilia, Rio.... Lilian lived in Brasilia and studied in Caseb! More than 10 years ago. Left at 11:30, as I didn't want to miss the last train.

I called Alexandra today, she thought I was in Brasilia because the line was so clear! Not sure we can be friends anymore, she's voting for Collor!!!

London 14/12/1989 Thursday
Got a letter from Lu on Tuesday and since then I've been writing to friends. To Lu alone I have written 6 pages, on both sides. I told her everything that has been happening.

Job news: I got the NI on Monday and went to Kentucky Fried Chicken, to talk to Ivo. He said that NI isn't enough, I also need a letter saying I can work. But if I have the NI this means I can work, I had to show them my Green Card! But he said anyone can get it and registered me as Portuguese (like Debora). Something isn't right. But I'll keep trying, I'll get the letter and will be registered properly, as a Brazilian (on the next job). He said I could only start work once I had a bank account in my name. So I went to the same bank where my mum has an account and opened one, they said it would take a week before I could use it. Went back and told Ivo that, he said to go back and ask for a deposit account. I did that, and they said 3 days and that my mum had to sign some papers, as she's the reference. Went back to Kentucky Fried Chicken (*vai e volta!*) and Ivo said for me to go back when the account was ready and I could start working, although he didn't expect it would take so long. Got on the tube, met my mum and went to the bank for her to sign the reference. My mum went to college and I went to Carmen's to wish her a happy birthday.

Ivo said I'd work as a cashier, 8 hours a day, 6 days a week earning £100 a week. Heavy workload. My mum and Carmen said I shouldn't be working 8 hours! But if I only do 6 hours I only get £72 per week, not a lot! But until today there's been no letter from the bank. Post is rubbish during the Christmas period and I'm worried I'll lose this job. Crap!

On Tuesday David came here but I was cold, in the last few days I've felt disenchanted towards him. Since the party I think. He complained and I warmed up a little and talked to him properly. He left and said he'd be back tomorrow at noon. So, yesterday, at 11:30 I left with my mum to pick some photos up and didn't come back until 2. This morning I was having a bath, and someone knocked on the door, Marcos opened the door and said I wasn't in. I could hear from the bathroom. I wasn't about to come out in my towel to say I was in, was I? I don't think I like him. It's just physical attraction... Would like to talk more, and even what we talked, the only thing that seems to be in his head is sperm, nothing else. No consistency. Like Collor really, looks ok on the outside but empty inside. Sex isnt' enough.

London 16/12/1989 Saturday
Today Carmen, Isabel, Joel and I went to see an exhibition of 150 years of photography. Very good! Marcos, Leda and their little boy also turned up. Half way through they announced it was closing in 15 minutes, so we just rushed through for the second half. I'm thinking about buying an Olympus Super Zoom. But the truth is, it's the photographer what matters, not the camera. I verified this fact today at the exhibition.

We then went to eat at Euston station. Joel told some very funny stories and we kept bursting out laughing. The people around us were clueless as to why we were laughing, we were talking lots of nonsense and swearing but no one could understand us. At one point we were listing the names by which penis and vagina are known. I think 'pursued' *(perseguida)* and Maçaranduba *(a type of Brazilian redwood)* for vagina/penis are the most comical. After this very educational conversation I picked my Christmas gift from Carmen's and went home.

I called Rio when I got home, Gabriel answered, I miss the little brat! Talked to my aunt and cousin. Bad news, Vasco is the champion in football, eugh (I support Flamengo). Julia has four little teeth (how cute!). My cousin said Lula didn't do too well on this debate, he looked nervous and kept attacking Collor. Lula, now is not the time to step on the ball! He needed a repeat of the first debate when he annihilated Collor. Shame....

Oleticia Coutinov, 1989 - 2025

I miss my family! Tonight my obsession striked again: Henrique! My first love. I dreamt about him. Will I never forget this guy?!?!

London 18/12/1989 Monday
Got up very early yesterday at 8:00 and went to the Brazilian consulate to justify my non-vote and to meet the girls. Got there at 10 but no one turned up until 12. I spent two hours cutting some little saints to put on the urns and chatted with a girl who was promoting the 1st Reveillon Brazil. Angela and Maira arrived at noon. Zu, the one who phoned and arranged our meet up, was ill and was coming much later, so the three of us went out for some lunch. For the last 3 days it keeps raining every 10 minutes, it's a pain in the arse.

Angela went home, so the two of us went back to the consulate and Zu was there. We went to the Natural History Museum. I need to go back at least another five times, it's immense! Afterwards we went to see the Christmas Lights on Regent's Street. We then went back to the consulate to see the results of the voting. In the UK Lula got 75% of the vote, with 576 votes vs 155 votes for Collor. Except today on the TV they are saying Collor is likely to be the new president. How is it possible? They were level! SHIT! Collor is going to win, what a catastrophe!!!

I gave up on the Kentucky job they pay is rubbish and they are messing me around. I found out that really all I need is the NI, having that means I can work here!!! If I work as a cleaner I can get twice as much per hour! Not killing myself for 8 hours a day to earn so little. I will stay calm and keep on looking.

David came here today and he thought I was seeing someone else because of how I treated him. He said he had the flu and was ill for a few days, he did lose weight! At first I was cold to him but he broke the ice. I'm sure I don't like him but he's so insistent, I can't resist when he asks for a kiss. And then we had sex. It was great! I won't keep on questioning if I like him or not.

London 20/12/1989 Wednesday
It seems Collor is the new president. The only worse news than that is the EU's intervention in Panama! Well, at least PT will be the party leading the opposition and they will make things difficult for Collor, they will make it hard for him to steal. But he will be in a position to do a lot of damage, with such a conservative congress. He is starting by privatising UERJ *(The Federal University in Rio where I attended a semester reading Literature)*. He'll probably try to privatise Petrobras and Banco do Brasil. The left will have to find a way to elect 90 seats, or else!!! I hope Collor gets impeached! I pray to God!

Today we had no gas. I was fidgeting with it so that the number showing matched the number of coins inside and the gas got cut off! My mum said she'd call the gas company and they will soon realise what happened. My mum already saw the lock was broken but I said it was like that when we moved in. I'm in the shit. I tried all sorts to make it work again, but it must have been disconnected centrally. Oh dear, I'm in big trouble... It's not possible to have a cold shower, the only way is to have a Czech wash... Czech, czech, czech (*this translates badly, think of the sound for czech as an onomatopoeia for splash*). I have to wait for my mum to come back so she can call them.
Today I was reading my diaries from 1985 and 1986, and remembering Henrique.

London 21/12/1989 Thursday
My mum got home last night and called the gas company. After that we had an argument. Not because of the gas. But because I don't agree with anything she says. She's a stubborn radical and a pain in the backside. She keeps reminding me she holds the purse strings and because of that I need to behave. She's only a member of the PT (workers party) when she leaves the house, because at home the "boss-employee" relationships are rather exploitative. So I don't have a job yet but I do all my domestic duties. We argue about everything: TV, food, when I should go to bed. It's sickening, we are so incompatible. I'm very meticulous and pay attention to detail and she's the complete opposite, a slob. Because she always had people cleaning up after her she just makes a mess everywhere... I pay such attention to detail, my mum says I should get a job doing landscape painting on nails.

Oleg Gorbov, 1989 - 2025

To make things worse her memory is rubbish and I have the memory of an elephant, so she never remembers what I say, or what she says, I have to keep proving things she doesn't remember. It drives me mad. I think we will always argue like this.

Today someone from the gas company came and said the meter was broken and that a new one costs £100! My mum started accusing me of breaking it, but I just stayed cool. Because whenever anything goes missing she starts saying it's my fault, but it's because her memory is rubbish and she never remembers where she puts things. And that's another reason we argue so much. But still, £100 to replace the meter, which I did actually break!!!

After the engineer left Ms. McKook's boyfriend pulled the meter out and connected the pipe to the supply downstairs, so now instead of using coins we will pay directly to them... Party over. At least I got away with it without getting into trouble.

I bought the paper this morning and looked for work. I got a job delivering papers, once a week, on Weds at 6:30 am I need to deliver 210 local papers and will get £6.85. It shouldn't take me more than an hour to do it... They pay £3.25 per 100 papers. Then drop them at my house and put the payment in the bank account. Easy £27 a month, but that only covers the cigarettes.

Saw a job as a cleaner, they will call tomorrow if there are any vacancies in the area. The other job is far away but 3 hours per evening, Mon-Fri, £30 a week. Would be good to get a few jobs as a cleaner. I'm good at that and I can keep fit too. I really want to be financially independent!

I also saw a job on a shop window, nearby, they are paying £4.5 an hour for a cleaner for 8h a week. I'd work less and would get £36.00 a week! I called but there was no answer. If I got all these jobs I'd be getting about 450USD a month, which is a good salary in Brazil, I'd be able to have my own place there! Not so much here. I can't wait to get £500 a month (dream!), I'd spend £100 and save the rest. Dreaming is nice, but waking up is not so good.

London 25/12/1989 Monday
Crazy dream after crazy dream last night, I dreamt with everyone from year 8... At one point I got a lift with Renata's mum and asked her who, after all, had won the elections... She looked at me and said to this day she didn't know!

Sometimes I ask myself why I write in this diary. People should have a right to write whatever they want wherever they want and no one should dare touch it. Because this only causes tragedy. Like when my cousin's boyfriend read her diary, or Pat read the letter I sent to Rodrigo and both found something it would have been better they never knew. What a lack of respect.

So, yesterday it was like a bomb exploded in here. They came to fit a new carpet in the living room, we knew nothing about it, and my diary lives behind the sofa... Well, let's just skip to the end: my mum read it. She claims to only have read the bit about the gas meter (last pages), well why not read the whole thing??? That way she could have a full freak out. She kept saying what I did was horrible (a bit of an exaggeration as I have done worse), that I am a criminal - and me just saying she had no right to read my diary because I never read hers, and I don't want to. What a Christmas from hell. She then just stayed there waiting for an apology. No chance! It seems I don't have a right to privacy without someone taking a look. Anyway, because I broke the coin meter we are now paying less for gas, so she should be thankful!

I spent the 24th adding some finishing touches to the badly fitted carpet (it was fitted by Ms McKook's boyfriend, with nails) - I trimmed some loose ends, and tucked what I could under the skirting board. Around 11:30 my mum kicked me out of the living room because I was waxing my legs and it wasn't the 'right room for doing that', so I went to the kitchen and spent Christmas there, waxing my legs. Earlier I cooked myself my own Christmas dinner: rice with corn, pork chops and mashed potato from a bag. It was tasty! My mum went to sleep and I watched tv until 2:30am.

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I continued calling the cleaning job, for £4.50 but no answer. My mum said it's better to look for work after Christmas. And this is the full update on the shit my life seems to be at the moment.

On Friday there was a party at Indio's house. I wanted to go without my mum, she wanted to go, I decided not to go, and then she didn't go either. Later Estela called me asking me to go and sleep over but my mum, obviously, didn't let me go. I'm 18 years old!

London 30/12/1989 Saturday
Today is my bastard uncle's birthday. I can talk about it now. One night, in Rio, when just me, my aunt and uncle were in the flat (my pregnant cousin and little Gabriel had moved to Friburgo) something awful happened. I was sleeping on my back, and woke up with someone touching me up down there. It was my uncle. I screamed really loudly and he ran out to the bathroom. My aunt ran in to see what was going on and I just couldn't say what had happened. I said there was "someone" in my room. The son of a bitch of my uncle said to Zeze he was in the bathroom when he heard me scream. What a cheeky fucker. And I just couldn't bring myself to say anything. I think I preferred his version that a 'spirit' had been in the room. So that was the official version. I never said this to anyone, but now it's all so very far away I can finally talk about it. I could have kicked out a big fuss, there would have been a big fight, it would have been very unpleasant for the whole family, and it would have been his word against mine (and he's a good liar), what purpose would it serve!? I decided to give the son of a bitch another chance and if it happened again I'd tell everyone. I didn't speak to him for 2 months and used to hate being on my own with him, like real fear and panic. But after that, after Julia was born and my aunt went to Friburgo, we were alone for a couple of nights and he didn't do anything.

I had made a barrier behind the door (couldn't lock it), I put a cushion behind the door, with keys, shoes and books on the floor, so that if he came in he'd make a noise. I also had a pair of scissors beside the bed in case he tried anything on. Fortunately he had the good sense to never try anything stupid again.

After a few months I started talking to him again, just to keep up appearances. That's another reason I couldn't wait to leave - whenever he was horrible to my aunt I just wanted to shout the truth, it was a struggle to hold it back... It feels good to finally let it out! It's been stuck there for so long. So here's to the filthiest, falsest, most repugnant uncle in the world!

On Weds I got a letter from Gustavo, they usually take 5 days but took 14 because of Christmas. He kept saying he felt bad about never having a proper relationship with me. I just laughed. It's his birthday on the 8th, I sent a few things over, photos and cards and an invitation to come to London. Would be fun if we were together here!

David: On Tuesday at noon, I was in bed when the doorbell rang. My mum was jogging and I couldn't be bothered to open the door. My mum got back saying she met David on the street on his way here, and then met him again after he'd been saying I wasn't home. On Weds he came again but I said I was going out with my mum, he said he'd come back on Thursday at 11. I waited until 11:20 on Thursday but no sign of him, so I went to drop a film. When I got back my mum said he turned up at 11:30. We arranged to meet at 11! And also he lost my number but I haven't given it to him because I asked him for his number and he never gave it to me, saying it's a new number and he doesn't know it off by heart. He disappeared yesterday and today.

London 01/01/1990 2:32 am Happy New Year!
Tonight I was enchanted by the British! My mum and I went to Carmen's flat (Angela is staying there while Carmen is away) and we stayed there. Estela, Zulene, Maira, Angela and her ex-husband, Angela's sister and Angela's other daughter were there. Me, Maira, Zu and Estela were playing "Rolha Negra" and our faces were black from the burned cork. We ate and left at 11:30 to get the tube to Trafalgar Square. We were underground at midnight! We got off at Piccadilly and hugged each other. We walked to Trafalgar Square and then to Big Ben. Everyone who walked by wished us Happy New Year, and kissed us, so much fun. We were warned that people went mad, drunk and aggressive, lies! People were drunk and happy and hugging each other. The only iffy bit was some guy who grabbed me and wanted to know where I was from. I kept telling him to let go. My mum came to the rescue. When he realised he was in trouble he said 'fuck you girl' and as he walked away I screamed 'FUCK YOU!!!!" and that was that.

Gleidia Colubby, 1989 - 2025

These brits, when they get drunk they do a lot of bad things, but they also do some good things. Estela and Zu were going to Indio's party, but my mum wouldn't let me go, because he lives in Brixton and apparently that's like London's Baixada Fluminense. So we went to Waterloo to get the last tube, but we missed it because Estela and I needed the bathroom. We took a bus from Trafalgar Square, me still trying to convince my mum to let me go to the party, but she wouldn't let me and I didn't have any money. Ok, the transport was free, but I couldn't defy the financial entity, the dictator. Conclusion: here I am at home.

On the bus there were some french people singing and having some banter with 2 brits, very funny! I laughed all the way home. Apart from my mother trying to control me as though I was 14 years old, (I'm 18!!!!!!!!!!) it was a good night out. My mum is getting more and more square, she used to be a lot more liberal. She's turning into a self-righteous old woman.

In '87 I spent Reveillon (New Year) in a farm with Lu, Boca, Nica, Pata, aunt Jo, uncle Guilherme, listening to frogs, drinking caipirinha, in the middle of nowhere. Last year (seems like it was yesterday) it was in Araras, one of the best I had, and this year in London. Where will it be next year? I have a feeling it will also be here.

Decisions for the new decade:
MAKE MONEY MAKE MONEY MAKE MONEY
or move to a communist country where there's no damned exacerbated diseased consumerism. I just want to be independent!

London 04/01/1990 Thursday
Yesterday the papers arrived. Then I realised it was a trap. They pay £4.02 for 210 papers+publicity leaflets, and there were 4 streets to deliver them to: Rosa Alba, Northolme (mine), Aurdilan and Sotheby. 210 houses. I started at 10:30 on Rosa Alba, when I was walking down Aurdilan I bumped into David, he helped distribute some of the papers and said he'd come over later. I then delivered 10 papers on my street and came home. There was still half to go and it had been half hour. I decided not to do the delivery anymore, they pay peanuts for too much work! My mother understood that they paid £6.45, she's such a fool. She's going to ring them. I knew it was too good to be true... So that was that.

David came over at around 1 and me, my mum and him were talking. Then my mum said she was going out but wouldn't leave us on our own and then said she doesn't want him here when she's out. She's so archaic. David had no choice but to leave. He came here this morning and told me his 28 year old cousin had killed himself because his wife left him. He turned the exhaust into the car, rolled the windows up and died. David seemed to be in shock - I asked him to come back later as I had to go to Holloway Road with my mum.

I got my 'pocket money' at Holloway, £10, what a joke, picked some photos up from New Year's Eve, and went to the launderette to wash clothes. My mum said that she saw David yesterday, walking with a blond, with arms locked. I was really angry but had to pretend didn't care because my mum doesn't know we are seeing each other. I decided to have a massive go at him, dead cousin or not. It's not that I'm jealous, but I'm not an idiot! David arrived showing a photo of his cousin, wife and son. I asked him to come in, but he didn't want to (because of my mothers orders), but he came in eventually.

First of all I was very icy, he asked if I had found another boyfriend, and I said he was the one who had another girlfriend. I told him what my mum said and he looked all relieved and happy: "So that's why you are acting like this?" and then he said what I thought he would say, that she's a friend, nothing to worry about, etc. I told him I wasn't worried at all, not one bit. He pulled a face that made me feel sorry for him and gave me a hug and we stayed like that for a while. I realised he must have been quite sad about his cousin and left it at that. If she's a friend or more it's impossible for me to know right now...

The worst part about this was that before I met him I was a bit upset at the thought of it all ending, I think he's growing on me. He left to be with his family.

©Letícia Golubov 1989 - 2025

London 10/01/1990 Wednesday
David has vanished since the 4th. What the hell??? What is he doing? He's in big trouble if I ever see him again. The English course started yesterday at the ILEA in Soho. Can you believe there's a French girl in my class also called Leticia (well, Letitia), she speaks a bit of Portuguese (she learned it here with Brazilian friends). I'm the first Leticia she's ever met and she was very excited about it! I'm the only Brazilian in the class, the rest French, Italians... Some french person turns around and asks me if I know how to dance Lambada... And I've got a Legiao Urbana tape in my walkman (my mum bought me one!)... An italian next to me asked for a Lambada tape and I said I'm into rock, lambada is just for dancing, a bit, at parties and even then, with caution, and it's not all that.

Great to be able to listen to Legiao Urbana again, their songs left a deep mark in me. "Tempo Perdido" makes me cry, "Andrea Doria" reminds me of Henrique... They have released a new LP but I can't find it here.

London 15/01/1990 Tuesday
I bought two tapes to listen to on my new walkman: Tears for Fears and Talking Heads. I got two letters from Keila and my cousin. My mum brought a typewriter home and my new pastime is typing on it.

Now she's taken to throwing in my face that I do sweet F.A., that I should be looking for a course, studying or work, as if I haven't been trying to find a job! Then she says I'm only here because of her. If it was up to me I'd have stayed in Brasilia, living a good life with my friends. I came here because I had no means of staying there, she knows it. It's not easy being away from friends and family, in a place I don't know. Why won't she stop interfering in my life? She messed it up enough by taking me out of my beloved Brasilia and she continues to want to mess it up and then she tried to make me feel bad? Just leave me alone.

David has really vanished. Is he dead, has he been arrested, or decided he had enough of me? But this is what hurts me the least right now.

London 19/01/1990 Friday
Yesterday, after English class, Letitia asked me to go and watch some bands in a pub with her and of course I went. Her boyfriend plays in one of the bands. We got there, and we were drinking and talking to a Brazilian who works there. Next to us stood the most amazing looking guy, with long hair. Letitia started talking to him, he's Swedish. But he was too far gone, past Marrakesh, so we left. Letitia's boyfriend's band went on and the Swedish guy joined us, talking to Letitia, he looked smitten by her. The show finished and she left the two of us to go and talk to her boyfriend.

Swedish guy bought me a beer, Letitia had given him her number and she asked me to make sure he phoned her, so I told him that. She joined us, he gave her a peck on the cheek and then her boyfriend came over. Letitia whispered in "Kiss the Swedish guy, please, on the mouth!" and I said "WHAT?", she pleaded "Please on the mouth". I thought, ok, this guy is probably the best looking guy I've ever seen and will ever see, so I just snogged him while Letitia was with her boyfriend. A bit later I said "I'm sorry, I had to do that", he said he wanted my address and took me outside... I kept telling him I kissed him because Letitia asked me to, because her boyfriend was there and that he was supposed to call her. He didn't seem bothered.

Then Letitia came out, with my jacket and stayed with us. She's so funny! She turned around to Swedish boy and said he could have us both, at the same time, that we live together and that we are girlfriends (forgetting she had told him we were sisters, earlier in the evening, he was too drunk to remember). I was just laughing. She asked me if he was a good kisser, I said yes, so she took him out for a spin and kissed him. What the fuck?! and then she said to his face that he wasn't that much of a kisser, to me, in Portuguese.

It was time for the last tube and we left, and Swedish boy came with us. I think he actually believed he could have us both, he phoned me today, just now, and wants to meet up tonight. But I don't have Letitia's number or money, and he wants to meet in a pub. He's so handsome, I wish I had some money. I told him to call Letitia, but he said he doesn't have her number. I said he did have her number, must have been in one of his pockets, he's a bit on the slow side though, he can't find it. In any case he gave me his number.

Gleice Golubov, 1989 - 2025

Last night at the pub I gave my Legiao Urbana tape to the DJ and he played it! "Ja estou cheio de me sentir vazio" (I'm full of feeling empty) aka Bader-Mehnhioff Blues. I should get commission for that from Legiao.

I put an advert for a job as a cleaner on a window shop and a woman called here, will meet her later on today, I hope she likes me. I'm asking for £3.50 an hour.

London 20/01/1990 Saturday
hehe, you won't believe this...

The woman who phoned me yesterday about the cleaning job is actually a cleaner looking for work, who thought I was looking for a cleaner! It was my mum's ambiguous advert on the shop window. That's not the worst part.

I didn't have the heart to tell her I didn't want a cleaner and that in fact I was looking for a job as a cleaner. I actually gave her a job and arranged for her to start work on Monday (I'll call her later to cancel). I was so stunned by the misunderstanding, when I realised what was going on I was too embarrassed to tell the truth! What an unbelievable situation!!!
I feel disheartened, so hard to get a job! I was so angry I just left the house, rain and everything and walked around Highbury. When I got to the last shop I saw an advert for a baby sitter. I wrote the number down and came home. The woman said she was still looking and was paying £3.00 an hour and she's coming to meet me today. I am not pinning any hopes on this, because so far everything has been a dead end.

London 21/01/1990 Sunday
The woman never turned up, from the babysitting job, so I phoned her up to find out why. She said she could only pay £30 a week, and I just laughed at her face. Erm, 9 hours a day, Monday to Friday for £30! I nearly told her to f off. She clearly doesn't want me to do the job.

Today I went shopping with my mum and, on the way back, I saw a sign on a shop nearby, looking for people. The shop was open (it's only five minutes away), I told my mum I was going there and for her to go home, and off I went to talk to the owner.

I said I never had a job before in my life but that I learn fast. He said he would give me 'heavy' work and would increase my wages as I learned things. He said he'd pay me £1.80 an hour, a joke, but I took the job on the spot. First because it's nearby, second because I'm desperate to get a job and third because I'll get more eventually. I started there and then, one hour breaking cardboard boxes, and then cleaning the window. He told me to go back tomorrow at 9, I forgot his name... He's half Italian, half English. I kinda liked him. I'm yet another Brazilian being exploited in London, just like my father said. He did say he wasn't sure he'd hire me. I hope he does, I have lost count of how many jobs I've looked for.

London 23/01/1990 Tuesday
Hi! I started work yesterday. Joe, the owner, nearly killed me. He didn't let me stop and breathe for one minute. I worked from nine to seven and earned £18.00. 10 hours non-stop. Well I stopped once for 15 minutes to eat and have a cigarette. I put prices on the stock, checked the stock, put some things in the freezer, broke some more boxes, cleaned the kitchen, put some bread on the display, eggs in boxes... And more. For the first three hours I just felt like crying and walking away, run away! I was worried I wouldn't be able to cope... The man is a slave driver.

After that I went into zombie mode, I didn't feel anything anymore. At 2 I told Joe I was starving and he gave me a MASSIVE sandwich and tea. After that I carried on working until I was hungry again, at 7. Apart from me there's another Italian lady, Julia, another girl and a boy.

© Fiction Golubov, 1989 - 2025

Today was a lot easier, Joe said he pushed me hard yesterday for me to learn as much as possible. Except Joe's father was in today and he's way too bossy. I really hated him at first, but later on we had a chat and he was friendly. I only worked until 4 and went to my English course.

Letitia said Juerg (Swedish boy from the other night) went to her house, and keeps calling her, erm, asking for me! Bullshit, he has my number. He's such a drugged, drunken fool, but amazing looking! Letitia said her boyfriend finished with her because he realised what was going on that night. Funny how we became friends so quickly! Also I don't believe for one second she didn't get off with Juerg or that he's after me. But, just in case he is, he's wasting his time, he's too 'junkie' for my liking.

London 26/01/1990 Friday
I'm still working like a slave... Joe's wife, Pat (she had been off sick), has been back to work since yesterday. She's twice my age and has twice my energy! What a woman! She works from Monday to Monday, more than 12 hours a day, and she never stops... No wonder she ended up so ill! I like her, and she's Irish.

Yesterday some crazy winds blew in London. Like, CRAZY WINDS!!!! 40 people died. I was out and had to hold on to some railings. 170km/h winds...

Look what Letitia has done! Yesterday evening she arrived in class saying Juerg was meeting us after class and she told him I wanted to see him! She's such a piss taker! So after class Juerg and Mauricio, Letitia's Brazilian friend, met up with us. She tried to get Juerg and me to go one way and Mauricio the other, but we ended up in a pub together...

We ended up in the Intrepid Fox, full of punks! So Juerg and I tried to talk, his English is worse than mine. He's been here for 2 weeks, spending money he earned back home. He's 21 years old. Later the four of us were talking together. Mauricio is good fun and goes back to Brazil next week. Mauricio started saying Letitia doesn't like men and that she needs to be cured... And that I'm the one she likes. It was all said jokingly though and we were all having a laugh. Also she had a boyfriend, so she does like men. I love her, she's captivating, fun and beautiful. I'm not really interested in her that way but there's no way I'm not being friends with her because she likes me... I mean, I love my friend Lu, with all my heart, but it's nothing sexual, just friendship. I also fell in love straight away with my namesake, but it's a sisterly thing. We walked to the tube station together having a spliff, with weed, a miracle! It seems all they have in this country is hashish.

I was so stoned on the tube, I closed my eyes and thought I was in a plane, going to Brazil. At one point it did feel like the tube was going to take off. Weed does funny things to my mind.

Letitia said I can go and work with her on the vintage shop she works at, twice a week, £20 for 6 hours. Nice... Except I'd be spending money on the tube, so I'd be getting £16.40 a day, and it's far away. I was tempted but I'm staying at the delicatessen for now. The work is heavy, busy, intense, but I like it, I get to keep fit for free. I want to stay there for now. Now I'm not looking I bet lots of jobs will turn up. And today Joe said I should be getting a pay rise soon.

Juerg wasn't wasted today, I don't understand why Letitia doesn't go out with him. He's nice, well educated, gorgeous!!!! I think I fancy him quite a lot.

Today Pat was teaching me how to use the till. Which is quite easy, but the shop started to get busy, I pressed the wrong button and completely lost it, my mind went blank. I could feel Pat was biting her tongue so she wouldn't call me an idiot when I messed up for the 3rd time. Worst of all was the captive audience of customers. Everyone was laughing at me...

The other girl who started on the same day as me, an English 17 year old girl, won't be lasting much longer I don't think. She's really slow and she's on £2.5p/h. I'm the model of efficiency, I never stop, I'm always looking for something to do, and get £1.80. All because she speaks English well and has experience. Not to worry I'll get there, and it's great to have a job!

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London 04/02/1990 Sunday
I haven't had time to write... On Monday I went to Letitia's as it was Mauricio's leaving party, which got cancelled, but she couldn't get hold of me and I went there. She cooked pasta for me and Gail (her friend and flatmate). I like her so much, she's like an older sister. She said she was addicted to cocaine for a year, but then one day decided to stop, she said it was so hard but she had to stop.

On Tuesday after class, her, me and Mauricio went to a pub. Mauricio was sad because he can't afford to go back to Brazil and was pondering on life. It was a very introspective night, 'ultra-intra' - there you go, a new word. On Thursday Letitia, me and my mum went to another pub to talk. Since I met her I've been to four new pubs. My favourite so far is still the Intrepid Fox, full of punks and decadent people.

Everything is going at work. Joe is so ignorant sometimes. Well, he's a businessman. I worked 53 hours last week. On Saturday I couldn't cope. My mum phoned the shop twice, because I left the house without breakfast... I started crying in the shop, Joe was consoling me, I was so tired. I took £95.40 home this week! £50 goes to the bank, and the rest I need to use to pay for the window I broke accidentally at home.

Got letters from Gustavo and Luciana.

London 10/02/1990 Saturday
Went to a 'party' last night. First I went to Letitia's house after work. Mauricio, Gilberto, 2 other Brazilians and Gilberto's English girlfriend were there. I said I'd be there at 8 but didn't make it until 9... Joe wouldn't let me go until 8:15. So I got there and off we went, each one of us with a bottle of wine. We ended up in a squat belonging to some Italians. When I watched 'Sid and Nancy' I thought it was all a bit of an exaggeration, but turns out it's not. After Gilberto's girlfriend left it was only Brazilians, Italians, and Letitia, who has no nationality, or, actually, who has them all. The Italians gorged themselves on wine, hash and cocaine. I had three glasses of wine, a bit of a smoke and just sat there observing. Us Brazilians carried on behaving in pretty much the same way, just a little bit merrier. Some of the Italians lost the plot, dropping bottles everywhere, being sick all over, drinking thrice as much as we did. It was like they were letting out all their demons... So repressed! If you need to drug yourself so much to have fun something isn't right. My generation is so fucked up and without hope. Especially in Europe. Feels like humanity has reached a critical point... We either find ourselves or we will cease to exist. We are going to end up killing each other.

It's sad, very sad...

So, there were 15 people at Joseph's party last night. They played some Brazilian music, MPB. We decided we would stay there all night and just laid on the floor. Letitia, me and an Italian punk, who was very good looking and could do a perfect cockney accent were talking from 2:30 to 3:30, everyone else was asleep. The Italian punk said that Brazilian music was tedious and I said he didn't even know what Brazilian music is and we also have rock. Anyway, all this nationalist paranoia isn't very cool. I slept from 3:30 to 7:30, on the floor, and by 7:50 I had woken everyone up, I was the first one up, and I left with Mauricio and Gilberto. Got home and was at work by 9am. Saturday is the worst day! So busy. There's an English-Italian guy who goes there regularly and... He says hi/bye in Portuguese to me. He's about 27 years old and it was his birthday today. He went to the shop and bought lots of things for his party. Wherever I went in the shop he seemed to be there and eventually he asked me to go to his party tonight. He then started talking to Joe, invited him and asked him to bring me. He came back later and bought wine and we talked a little more. I'm so tired, I really want to go but I need some sleep.

London 21/02/1990 Wednesday
Got a letter from my cousin with shocking news. Firstly she said Elmo had died in a car crash on the 26th of December. It made me think of my dream at the end of October, about a car crash. He hit a truck and died instantaneously. Unbelievable! Then our grandad Gennaro. He had a strangulated hernia. He had two operations and nearly died. And me here, all happy. We phoned Rio and talked to my aunt. She said they thought grandad was going to die, and were waiting for the worse to pass before telling us. He's better now, but lost a lot of weight, sad, and bedridden at home. So

Gianluca Gorgoni 1989 - 2025

sad! I wish I'd been there to help somehow. My bastard uncle sold my aunt's car to pay the rent of the new shop (they have relocated), and they are on the verge of selling the phone line too... Gabriel will be five tomorrow and Brazil is feeling hopeless under Collor. The future looks bleak.

There are no English classes this week, it's half-term. Today a guy from the south of Brazil, a Gaucho, went in the shop looking for work, and I really wanted him to work there, but Joe wasn't interested! Later on I told Joe that people get rich through the exploitation of the workforce. Only through stealing, i.e. exploiting, it's possible to become rich. All rich people are thieves. Yes, I said that to my boss. He said many rich people are honest and generous. I laughed at his face... Rich people can lie to themselves, and make believe they are honest. But for someone to be rich someone somewhere has to be paid less than they are worth. That's the capitalist principle. Then they give to charity to alleviate their conscience. They pretend to be saintly by giving crumbs. Giving back 1/1000th of what is rightfully theirs in the first place, what they took away by stealing from the poor.

London 26/02/1990 Monday
On Thursday and Friday last week the weather was unbelievable, sunny, 17c! Amazing! Except this warm air front met with a cold air front and the shit hit the fan! Yesterday and today the winds were up to 150km/h. Twelve people died in the UK.

Joe cut down my working hours (I complained so much!). Now I start at 11:00 and today I finished at 6:30 as it was quiet. I'd rather earn less and have more time to myself. If it was a job I loved, then I'd work long hours, but carrying heavy stuff and serving people? Are you mad?
Yesterday my mum asked a German friend of ours here for lunch. He stayed here from 14:00 to 22:00! We rearranged the kitchen furniture. We talked, went to the pub... I loved him. He's huge, super massive!

Tears for Fears are playing at Wembley in a week and it costs £15. Same as watching a show in Maracana and paying a fortune to see very little. If it was cheaper I'd love to go...

I bought two Marillion tapes. I was going to buy myself a stereo, but my money is in a savings account and at the bank they said my mum needs to authorise any withdrawal by cheque. I don't get why! So I bought the tape, put in my walkman, got on the tube and stayed in there for an hour, listening to music, as I had nothing better to do.

London 02/03/1990 Friday
It's carnival time in Brazil. Well, it's actually finished since Weds. If Letitia hadn't reminded me I'd not realised it. The day started well with a letter from Gustavo. I think I want to marry him! Erm, calm down, I haven't completely lost my marbles yet.

I went shopping, the changing rooms are communal here, very strange. Then I went to visit Letitia at work and we went to our class together. It was awfully cold: 0c.

I have started to behave like Nick at work and don't take Joe's nonsense. It's not that he's stupid, quite the opposite, but he talks so much crap! He says I'm slow, that I need to stop smoking, that I eat too much... Today I was grating the parmesan cheese in the kitchen and when I got back he told me to wipe my mouth because it was full of cheese around it. I had cheese all over me because the machine spits out cheese everywhere. The shop was full and he shouted, jokingly, for me not to eat the cheese because my mouth was dirty. I walked up to him and showed my clothes covered in cheese and asked: "Do you think my clothes eat cheese?" He looked a bit baffled, everyone in the shop was staring at him, you could cut the atmosphere with a (cheese) knife.

I did actually eat some cheese but that's not the point! I'm not earning enough to take his stupid jokes.

Gustavo is in the USA with his dad for two weeks.

London 07/03/1990 Wednesday

Sletticia Gonzbov 1989 - 2026

Hi! Letitia and I went out after class last night. We went to Trocadero first, neither of us had been to the ground floor and it blew our mind! It was like being in 2001, Space Odyssey. Very aerodynamic, like being in 2050! We went up and started talking to people, we chatted to two arabs, an italian and a turkish guy. The arabs work in a cake shop and wanted to take us out, we said we'd come back later but never did. The Italian guy is gay and works in a shop that sold popcorn in different colours, he gave us banana popcorn! The turkish guy works in a juice bar. Letitia said she was famous and didn't want to be recognised, so the guy bought her a frozen yoghurt and asked her to autograph a cheque book. We talked a bit more and he gave us free ice cream. We exchanged numbers, he offered us jobs, we said no thanks, he said please come back one day. He called me today asking if we wanted to go out on Friday.

We then got in for free in a club, it looked amazing, but it was deserted, it only gets busy later on. We went to a very busy pub, one we hadn't been to yet. We sat down and NO ONE came to talk to us!!! At first we thought it was a gay bar, and then that it was full of English people, who are too scared to talk to strangers. We got bored and left. Letitia is the most fascinating, happy and crazy person I have ever met. I adore her!

London 09/03/1990 Saturday
On Thursday I discovered a place that does Capoeira lessons in the area on Mondays and Wednesdays. I'm going there on Monday and I hope the class is good... "Me leva morena me leva, me leva pro seu bangalo" Wow, I LOVE Capoeira!

Something out of this world happened today. I was working and suddenly a beautiful woman walks in the shop. I thought "Is it really her?" I couldn't believe my eyes. Impossible! She then gives Joe a hug and tells him she'd been travelling and that's why she hadn't been around. She's more beautiful in person. She's so sweet and said hi to me with her soft voice: Sade!!!! (You give me the sweetest taboo). I was honoured to serve her! Sade Adu, friends with Joe, my boss. Whatever next, Roger Waters popping over for a pint of milk??

On Thursday Letitia and I went to ILEA, there were no proper lessons, as our teacher was giving a lecture and there was free wine. We drank a little and went to Trocadero to say hi to our Turkish friend (Tunc). We then went to a sweet shop and started tasting all the sweets for free, no one said anything. Then we came to my house for Letitia to see where I live and then to a pub nearby. Joe and his brother turned up at the pub and we were talking for a while. There was a party in a room in the pub and we got in, it finished at midnight, nothing much happened there. We ran all the way to the station for Letitia to catch the last tube.

Yesterday we met Tunc at Trocadero. I was late and Letitia said Tunc was a bore, shy and quiet. We went to the same pub we went to last time and as soon as we got there she was chatting to some guys. Tunc said absolutely nothing for half an hour. Then he said he was going to the toilet and never came back. I started talking with the other people and drinking. We went to a salsa club with the three guys and two girls we also met. One of the guys, an English guy, whom I was talking to a lot, wanted for just the two of us to go somewhere, and he was handsome, but I didn't want to leave my sister! We danced until 3am. Letitia is right, a lot more happens when you wear a mini skirt! I drank three whiskeys and then a lot of water so I wouldn't get a hangover. I stayed at Letitia's, we got there at 3:30. What a great night, I danced A LOT!

Today I went to a party at my mum's friends' house and it was packed, but it was very boring. The food was amazing though, so I stuffed my face! The time now is 3:00am on Sunday.

London 15/03/1990 Thursday
On Monday evening Letitia and I went to the Capoeira class. It was nice. The teacher, Robinson, is very cute and doesn't speak a word of English. After class we all went to the pub to drink juice.

On Tuesday after class, Letitia and I went to Camden Palace to watch some of her friends play. The band's name is Highliners and they are Psychobillies, a new movement. They dress as if they were in the 50s, but with crazier hair. The guitarist's hairdo was inspired by unicorns. He had a big horn sticking out the front of his head! The dancing is more like punk, everyone letting their aggression out, punching and pushing. I went for it and started punching and

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pushing everyone... I nearly broke my nose. Everyone trying to kill each other, but if someone fell down everyone around would pick you up. Very tiring though! Letitia got off with an Italian, but said he was very dull. I was chatting and dancing with an American and an Australian. Camden Palace is the business! We stayed there until it closed at 3:30. The Australian and American walked with us to Euston and from there we went to Trafalgar Square by bus. On the bus we were talking to some Italians. I understand everything in Italian! Then I was waiting for the bus home, on my own, for 1 hour. The bus stop was packed, and I struck up a conversation with a homeless man, he said he sleeps on buses. The bus stops far from my house so I had to walk for 15 minutes in the cold, I ended up running or I would have frozen. I think I got home at 5:00...

Got up at 10:30 and went to work. I was very achy from the Capoeira lesson and from all the crazy dancing. Work was painful. I went to Capoeira after work and Ze Indio was there. I couldn't believe it!!! He said he phoned me, talked to my mum, and invited us to his wedding on Saturday. He found a woman who will marry him so he can stay in the country. Dodgy!

Feeling a bit overwhelmed lately, I'm meeting so many people that... I don't know. Seriously! In Camden Palace alone I met the band, 'Highliners', 2 Italians, 1 Australian, 1 American, 3 girls, 2 more Italians on the bus and an English homeless person... Crazy!

London 21/03/1990 Thursday
So much has happened! On Sunday I went to Kew Gardens with my mum and took lots of photos. On Monday I received a letter from Gustavo saying he could only get a place in university on the 2nd semester and he wants to come here. So I called him when I got home from Capoeira. It was great talking to him, but my mum then arrived and started having kittens so I had to say goodbye and put the phone down. I even spoke to Gustavo's father. He would be coming in May.

Since Collor came to power he has done some crazy stuff to control the inflation. He changed the currency, froze everything (i.e. salaries), locked everyone's savings... So now Gustavo's dad needs to see if he can afford it as he can't get to his savings. He's calling again and I want him to speak to my mum. I really hope he comes!
Went to Letitia's after class on Tuesday and Mauricio went too. His friend, Gilberto, was deported on Saturday! Mauricio wants to go back to Brazil but has no money, he wants someone to tell the police he's working so he can be deported too... One of the guys we met last Friday, when we went salsa dancing, completely fell for Letitia and he was there too. He said he has some photo development equipment he doesn't use and that he'd give me it. I believe it when I see it. He explained to me the whole development process from start to finish. He's properly English, he studied at Oxford! What a nice guy, and he earns lots of money. I really hope he gives me his equipment! Wow! Too good to be true.

Work: I asked for a pay rise on Friday, threatened to leave, and I got it: £2.00 p/h. Meh... Last week a new girl started, half Swiss, half Iitalian, very nice! Her name is Helena. Since Monday Joe and I have been in crisis, we barely looked at each other. Him treating me badly and me likewise. Everything he asked me to do I did stroppily. Today at lunchtime it all boiled over. I really have a temper on me, I think if it was someone else I would have been fired. It all started when he told me to go and have my food and break in the stockroom. I complained because everyone else can do that on the shop floor. I said I hated eating alone. He said I wanted to be the boss in the shop and was always stroppy. I went off on one about human rights and whatever else poured out of my mouth, all in English, just tumbling out. He told me to shut up and that I could leave if I wasn't happy. I then appealed to his emotional side and said I didn't leave because I liked him and Pat, but that he'd been treating me badly lately. And talked for another five minutes about what he'd been like lately. He looked crestfallen.

I then went to have my break outside, where I usually smoke and Helena came out. She asked if I studied psychology, because of how I spoke to Joe?!?!?!?! I felt I'd gone too far with him, I was too harsh, cruel and rebellious. He then came out to bring me a sandwich and I apologised, I think he mumbled sorry too. I never realised my English had come so far and that I could beat someone up with words like that, and play games with words. Even if I'm wrong, I'll keep talking, talking, being stubborn. Stupid big mouth.

Letitia Gourley, 1989 - 2005

I went to Capoeira after work. My feet are messed up, full of blisters, from doing it barefoot. Both plants of my feet hurt like hell and I have blood blisters. I went home limping. On Friday there's a Brazilian party nearby, everyone from Capoeira and Letitia are going. The party is in Holloway Rd, at the polytechnic's student union hall. There's a really lovely Jamaican guy in Capoeira, we just laugh all the way through the class, it's so much fun. Robinson is a great teacher!

London 25/03/1990 Sunday
Hi! Now I'm going to write in English because I really need to practice. My English is not going on so fast anymore. It seems it's stopped!

I didn't go to the Brazil party on Friday. Letitia couldn't go, so I asked Joe to go with me but he said he was quite tired. I didn't want to go alone so I stayed at home watching tv... Good isn't it? Really boring.

The Jamaican guy (Karl is his name) I met at the Capoeira classes phoned me twice, asking me to go out. He phoned me asking why I haven't gone to the party on Friday and he told me how was it. It wasn't really good and Peixinho fought with Muzenza (they really did!) because Peixinho called Muzenza (who is a master) 'bunda mole' (*lazy/soft arse*). Karl told me it was the only good thing at the party. The rest was bull-shit!

Yesterday after work, me and Helena went on a pub, the nearest one and had some drinks. A stupid, inconvenient, boring guy payed us some drinks and wanted to go out with me in any way. Then Joe arrived at the pub and the guy had not left me alone until he felt he wasn't welcome anymore. He's a 40-year old playboy. What sort of men I've attracted! And he told me he is going to the shop to see me and that we must go out. Fuck off! When the pub's closed, at eleven, me, Helena and I went to Joe's home (above the shop), oh, it was wonderful! He gave us Bayley's to drink (I love it, it's so sweet!) and the best cheese in the shop, and Humus, oh, I do love Humus with anything.
And Joe sells the best Humus in London, superb! Joe is really ignorant, he just knows about business and he votes in Maggie, always. He's a bull-shit man. He said Labour party is communist, then I said
"So, to want people to live a decent and better life, to want people to have food, fun and work, to want people to be happy is COMMUNISM? Oh yes, it's the utopic communism, not the one we are seeing now. This is christianism as well, this is basically, HUMANISM! Everybody should have the same opportunities... etc" I made my discourse but he's a simple man. He has no vision at all. So he shut up and me and Helena stayed talking about this fucking world. Then after we have been eating and drinking a lot, and listening to good music (BBC1 was wonderful this night) I came home!

I need a boyfriend. I don't know if Gustavo is coming because Collor is taking some drastic attitudes (even PT is supporting him, can you believe it!). Shit. I want him to come as soon as possible. I've dreamed, last night, he was here and it was so real, so, so... I want him NOW!

London 29/03/1990 Thursday
Will write in English again... I've fucked my knee last class (on Monday) and it's been quite hard to do things. Yesterday I couldn't do all the movements. After the class, on Monday and yesterday, we went to a pub ('we' means everybody at the class).

There's quite a long time since I've received the last letter from Brazil. Nobody has written to me for a long time. Everyday I wake up and look at the letterbox... and I see nothing at all. If you don't wanna write to me, so fuck you!

Brazil and England played football yesterday at night, but we lost. 1x0. Terrible!

Collor has done good things, in spite of everything. I'm quite impressed! Even Lula is giving support to him. But I'm afraid he's doing this just to cause good impression, and maybe he's not going to be strong enough to go till the end. It's gonna be quite a hard way.

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Yesterday I argued, again, with Joe. This time I told him he's treating me and Helena in different ways. He's being unjust, partial. He says I'm lazy and she's good. But he asks me many things to do at the same time and he doesn't ask her to do anything at all. She just makes what she wants (in terms). So I him! And told it was not the truth. (Back to Portuguese) I'm going to end up leaving this job. Joe is so unfair. Even Helena is fed up with his behaviour.

London 04/04/1990 Wednesday
News, news, in Portuguese!
I bought a new stereo. Was sick of listening to music on the walkman. I'm listening to Genesis. Now I'm working 5 hours on Sundays and don't work on Tuesdays (or Thursdays, which I didn't work on anyway). But I only managed 2.5 hours today as I have a bad cold and Joe said I could go home if I wanted... I took him up on his offer!!!

Once again, the unexpected strikes! On Monday when I got to Capoeira, only Robinson was there. We were chatting and he said Karl fancies me. Karl thinks I fancy him because I treat him well and I'm friendly (?), and we have a laugh during class. Now he likes me! Blimey. People started arriving after half an hour *(NOTE: The Capoeira lessons were at Highbury Round House)*. We did the lesson and at one point I was doing a bananeira (handstand) and fell on my face, it hurt so much, so so much!).

After class me, Karl, Robinson and a Filipino girl went to Robinson's house to have dinner. Lia, a German girl, who also does Capoeira, was there, as her and Robinson share a house, but they are only friends. We were all talking and there was a weird atmosphere between Robinson and me. When we were all about to leave Robinson asked me to stay. I couldn't believe it. I froze up a bit, but stayed. Karl looked a bit upset. Robinson went to his room and I was talking to Lia for a bit. Then I went to 'sleep' but had a shower first. And we chatted. He has two kids, the eldest is 12, and he's 35 years old. And his girlfriend arrives today from Brazil! We were talking for ages and there were no romantic vibes in the air. But he started to stroke my hair and it sort of happened. For about 5 hours! Well, experienced men are a different story... We fell asleep, he was going to work at 6, but didn't. We woke up and talked more. He said his girlfriend was arriving but that he still wanted to 'see' me. He asked if there was any danger of me falling for him (what a bastard!). I said 'maybe, maybe not, how the hell do I know?'. I don't think so though, there's more of a friends vibe than a romantic one between us. It was fun!

Came home and bumped into Andy on the way. He's a guy on a wheelchair who goes to the shop a lot - we flirt a bit, I waved at him. He seems really nice. He lived in Italy. Got home and went out to buy my new stereo, and came home and enjoyed it. Then I went to English lesson and saw Letitia after not seeing her for nearly two weeks. I called her once but she wasn't in. She spent 3 days in hospital with food poisoning and nearly died!!!! I was so mad at myself I should have been by her side... Mauricio finally went back to Brazil, Letitia bought him his ticket. After class we went to her house. When I got home my mum said Gustavo's dad called and it looks like he's coming. My mum just needs to ask for permission from the landlady for him to stay here. Except she's a bit paranoid and might not let him stay here.

London 05/04/1990 Thursday
I woke up very ill today, very very ill. I went to the launderette and then listened to music. Karl phoned me in the morning and came here in the afternoon. We stayed here a bit, then out for a meal, then to the West End. We went to a natural food restaurant which was very good. Karl said he did think I fancy him, but I explained that I don't, and everything was cool. We went to lots of shops and to Salgado's photo exhibition... If I ever take photos like that! Oh my god! Karl took me to ILEA and left.

Yesterday Letitia went to Capoeira. Robinson's girlfriend was there, but the atmosphere was a bit weird between them. I wonder if she suspects anything. It was very busy today because Denise is back and lots of people wanted to see her.

London 06/04/1990 Saturday
After three days off I went back to work yesterday. Nowadays, whenever I can, I steal something. Well, not sure stealing is the right word. As I'm being paid such a bad wage I'm finding alternative ways of compensation. This week

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it was £10 and two packets of cigarettes. There's an easy way of taking money without any issues, for example, when the total is £1.38, I only register 38p and keep the £1. But I only do that if Joe isn't around.

Joe told me, very 'subtly' that if I didn't turn up for work at 9 on Saturday I needn't bother turning up. He knows I'm going to a party. Son of a bitch! Julie starts at 11, Helena at 12, and me at 9! I asked if I couldn't be in at 10 or 11, he said no, only 9 would do. I think I'm going to get fired soon.

So, Helena and I went to this party an English lady who teaches lambada was having. Letitia was going but her mouth is sore (she's been to the dentist), so she didn't go. We got there and Ze Indio was there, with new wife and everything. It was still empty. Robinson arrived on his own. I asked him if Denise suspected or knew anything had happened and he said she has no clue. He kept staring at me and I kept looking away, jokingly. We went to have a dance and when we got back to the table Denise was there. Karl didn't go, only Lia and two more people from Capoeira. Helena left at 1am as she was tired. I was talking to a guy from English Guiana, from Capoeira, but my memory has been very bad for remembering names! I've never been like this, but then I never met so many people.

Later on James (an english guy who lived in Brazil) joined us. Everyone smokes hash in here without fear! It's cool! We smoked in the middle of the party and no one batted an eyelid. Robinson and Denise joined us. To wind Robinson up, everything I talked about with James was something Robinson and I had talked about at his house... Although I can't quite remember what we talked about, I was properly stoned! James walked me home at 3. The English are mad really, they complain that English women are frigid and complicated, lacking in charisma. This bullshit talk got on my nerves last night and I said maybe they are like that because of the English men. Maybe there's something wrong with them. James didn't flinch though, he learned the Brazilian malandragem and said that yes, most of the english men are pretty crap. I hate all this generalising and stereotyping though. Putting everyone into boxes and rubber stamping them is too simplistic.

Ms. McKook said Gustavo can't stay here, she said that on Thursday. I was very upset and cried. Letitia called and I told her about this. She said he can stay at her house until he finds a place. Gustavo's dad was going to call yesterday but didn't. Also I don't know if he'd want to stay with her. Ah, won't worry about it too much.

London 12/04/1990 Thursday
Went to work on Sunday and had a huge argument with Joe, him screaming at me, and me screaming at him, for him to stop screaming at me. I then said I wasn't going to work there anymore, and for him to pay me. He said he could only pay when the shop closed and I decided to work until 3. After that it was all good! I worked on Monday and he was great. On Tuesday I went to Letitia's shop and her boss said I could have a trial day on Friday and if it went well I could work there permanently. It's seven hours a day, with one hour lunch break and two days off. My days off would be Wednesdays and Sundays. So yesterday I told Joe I was leaving and he said I have to stay for another 2 weeks until he finds someone. He said he should have never given me a job, to begin with, and by the end of our chat he said that I could always come back if I ever needed work!!!! I was a little sad. And then I stole some Le Roule (a divine cheese), which cost £18.00 - 9 hours work! He just doesn't pay me a fair wage!

After that I went to Capoeira. The lesson went as normal, except I still have a bit of a cold. During roda I played with Lia and lost focus twice. Then I played with James and I nearly got him twice... Then Robinson came in the roda with me, I did 'volta do mundo' to catch my breath and off we went. He kept provoking me and I kept my cool, until he slapped me. My blood boiled and I went for him. Everyone started clapping, I did a meia-lua and next thing I know I'm facing the ceiling, flying upwards, in a lying position and then BANG! I land on the floor, flat as a pancake, on my back. How it hurt. Everything went silent... "Are you ok?" "Tudo bem?". I waited until my spirit and my body got together again. Robinson was checking every part of my body to make sure I was ok. Then I got up. Everyone surrounded me and then they all came to talk to me, one by one. Robinson kept apologising. Obviously this reflected very badly on him and he felt awful. It was a really violent take down (rasteira), I'm light, and a beginner, and he's an instructor. I was in a state of shock for the rest of the evening. After class I shared the Le Roule with Karl, James and Lia and we had a spliff. We then got in the car and caught up with Robinson, Denise and some others. We chatted for a bit then Karl and James dropped me home.

Gretchen Goluboy, 1989 - 2025

London 19/04/1990 Thursday
Went to the shop last Friday, but Letitia's boss is in financial difficulty and he's even thinking about firing her. And so that means, no new job, so I'm still working for Joe, but not for much longer.

Karl came here on Monday night (it was a holiday) and then we went to his flat in Seven Sisters for him to record the show in Wembley (Mandela). We were chatting, watching some Capoeira videos... We get on so well, we don't need anyone else. We can have a party just the two of us! Then he ruined it a bit by asking if I'd ever sleep with him, and I said maybe in ten years time. He lent me lots of comic books called 'Crisis' and a book written by his friend Trevor Miller - I met him once, the book is Trip City (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trip_City (novel)) What an honour!

Yesterday I went to Capoeira and Peixinho taught half the lesson. We were flirting like mad during the class, then later at the pub. He kept reciting Vinicius de Moraes to me. He's so cutch cutch! I think he has a girlfriend but no one tells me, and Peixinho changes the subject when I ask. Robinson said he wanted to meet me today at noon. We were to meet in front of the Odeon on Holloway Road (near his house) and I went. Determined to say that nothing else would ever happen again between us, because of Denise. And that I'm not an escape valve for his failing relationship. Also Denise has scabies and I don't want to catch it!

And then the bastard didn't turn up!!!! Last night I did make it clear that I don't really have much to say to him and today I was going to make it crystal clear but he chickened out!

I bought a great tape by Depeche Mode: Violation.

After class me, Karl and James got in Karl's car and had a spliff. They kept calling me Cinderella, we were laughing! James turned around and I said that I had no idea how many people could fall in love with me at the same time! I was speechless...

Ah, Gino wrote to me!
London 22/04/1990 Sunday
I got fired yesterday...

I was kinda funny. Helena was grating the parmesan cheese and Joe asked her to stop and told me to do it instead. Well, that got my goat and I asked why I had to do it when Helena was doing it already... Oh, he was infuriated and said he'd do it himself. I said "No, you're the boss, I'll do it". I was minding my own business grating the cheese and he started shouting at me (he had an argument with Pat about me already) - he was saying that I should just do whatever he says. I asked him to stop shouting, he kept on going. I got more and more annoyed, my blood boiled and I threw the lump of parmesan cheese at his leg. He froze for a bit and then told me to go home. I said I wasn't going anywhere and he went behind the counter. I worked for another half hour after finishing the cheese and he sent me home again. It was 18:00 so I went. He paid me but didn't say anything, it was obvious he didn't want me back.

I went back at 20:00 to meet Helena and we went to the pub. Helena went to buy some chips and when she got back she said the English guy (he invited me to his party a few weeks ago) was there. I ran out saying I was going to buy some cigarettes. The queue was very long and he was writing a cheque. I was trembling. I told him he wouldn't see me in the shop anymore because I had been fired... We talked for about 10 minutes. He asked me to go to his house, he's very interested in Brazil. I invited him to Capoeira. Shame he's going to Spain in 2 weeks. His brother lives there. Oh, the shame, he saw Helena at the pub and must have realised she told me she'd seen him there. I just gave him a weary smile and went back to the pub and sat with Helena, we stayed there until closing time.

This morning Karl phoned saying Mauricio was having a feijoada this afternoon and he came to pick me up. Robinson, Denise and James were there too. I hate the way Brazilians all speak Portuguese, it's inconsiderate to everyone else. I said we should speak in English if not everyone in the circle speaks Portuguese, we are in England after all. I talked to James, Karl, Denise, Robinson, Monica and Mauricio. Myself, James and Karl left at 5. James went to see some

Oleta Golubov, 1989 - 2025

friends and me and Karl stayed at mine. My mum went travelling on Thursday. We talked until 10:00... So my mum is away but the landlady is keeping an eye on me. At 9:00 Ms McKook came to ask if Karl was planning on sleeping here, because he's not allowed to! What?!?!?!?

London 28/04/1990 Saturday
At Capoeira, on Monday, Denise and Robinson had a huge argument during lesson. A really bad one. So bad Letitia, her new boyfriend and Marcia left in the middle of the class. I was depressed, and so was everyone who stayed till the end. After it was finished, me, Karl and James went to see a painting exhibition by one of Karl's friends. After that we went to James' flat to watch the videos he made in Brazil. He gave me a lovely earring he learned how to make in Brazil... How to describe James... He used to be Hare Krishna, he's about 30 years old and he learned Capoeira and crafts while he was in Brazil. He plays the guitar, lives on his own and has a son in Brazil. And he wants to go back. He's weird... Sometimes I find him attractive, other times I think he's repulsive... Crazy. We stayed there until 2 am, talking about the fight between Denise and Robinson.

On Tuesday Karl and I went driving around and he dropped me in my word processing course, which was starting that day. Afterwards I went to English classes. We have a new English teacher and he's great, better than Fiona. He's younger. There were lots of new people in class. After class I went to Karl's flat to watch Dangerous Liasions for the 3rd time. Karl dropped me home at 2 am.

The Capoeira lesson on Wednesday was great. Robinson talked to me and apologised for the fight with Denise. I asked him why he didn't turn up last week. He said he thought I wasn't going to turn up because I had been icy the night before when he talked to me. He also said that if he had gone all we'd do was talk, he knew nothing would have happened. I said, 'precisely' and that was the main reason I had gone, to say nothing would ever happen again. He agreed but then said he wanted more. I just shook my head, he smiled and then the class started. Denise arrived later on.

After class Karl and I went for a spin. James didn't want to come, he looked very sad. I wanted him to come as I was getting used to the three of us hanging out after class. Karl and I went to an American bar, to meet Trevor Miller (the guy who wrote the book I'm reading Trip City) - except we were late and he had gone - he had to catch a train to Manchester. We just missed him. We walked around China Town and then got in the car. Then we went to visit a friend of his, a french painter. We talked for a bit and then Karl took me home.

Yesterday Karl and I went to De Mola's Capoeira workshop in Swiss Cottage. I carried Karl's berimbau and everyone stared not knowing what it was. De Mola's class was hard! He's an amazing Capoerista, with an amazing style. Lia was there too.

After class me, Karl and two of Karl's friends who came to watch the workshop, went to their shop. They own a furniture design shop. It's underground, very spacious, wood everywhere, offices. We had a spliff and Karl and I were playing Capoeira to House music. Got home at 11.

This morning my mum said Gustavo called saying he'll be here next Friday. I couldn't believe it! Letitia goes to Tenerife next week! This is a problem! I had breakfast and went to her house to figure out what to do, where to put Gustavo! She wasn't there, I left a note asking her to call me. I'm unemployed, no money and Gustavo is coming. What will I do? On the way back from Letitia's saw some cleaning jobs, I'm going to have to start the desperate search for work again. HELP!

London 02/05/1990 Wednesday
Letitia went on holiday and left her keys with me. Gustavo can stay there until they come back from Tenerife.

The sun has been shining intensely for the last week, everyone is wearing shorts, it's 25c during the day and it stays light until 9. It's like summer!

Gletícia Gonçalves, 1989 - 2009

I'm still unemployed, and happy, just enjoying myself. I never enjoyed doing nothing so much, just going to my classes. But today I went to check out a mini-job. Four hours a week, Monday and Tuesday, 8-10am, getting £15 for distributing a magazine outside the tube, 'Girl About Town'. Easy! I just need to get up early. On my way back I went to the delicatessen to see Helena. Joe was off sick and Pat was there. She was so nice to me, and gave me Humus, I love Humus. She said to bring Gustavo to the shop, to see if she could get him a job. Didn't realise she liked me so much! Helena said she'd come to Capoeira to watch and then we could have some drinks after.

Last Sunday, me, Letitia and Rob (her new boyfriend) made a feijoada at Marcia's house. We made caipirinha and I got drunk. Marcia drank too much and ended up crying. When the three of us left we found an enormous house, empty, we got in the garden and stayed there for ages. Letitia and Rob even had a quickie while I took a nap (I was very drunk). Her boyfriend is nice, he's 19 years old, I think he's Muslim... Today is Letitia's birthday.

London 11/05/1990 Wednesday
I'll write in English to practice... Gustavo arrived, eventually, on last Friday. It was so strange, after 6 months, seeing him again. We went to Capoeira and we made love later on. It was just unbelievable. On Saturday I worked three hours at the shop because Joe phoned asking to work again at the shop because he really needs me there. At first I thought it could be a good idea, an easy solution for financial problems. But I felt terrible, sad, working there again, so I decided not to work anymore.

At night me, Gustavo and James went to a party (the nice English guy who goes to the shop). The nice guy is going to Spain and I thought I could look after his flat. I spoke to him but there's already someone in there. Shit! I've got no money and we need a place to stay! On Tues/Weds I've been delivering magazines. Easy job, easy money. On Wednesday Gustavo started with his paranoic ideas of just being friends because he thinks I love him too much and he doesn't want me to suffer because he thinks he doesn't love me as much as I love him. Fuck off! I told him I just want to have fun, he's not the man of my life and that I don't really love him the way he thinks I do. He's even more foolish than before! We have been sleeping at Letitia's for 2 days and haven't touched each other. But yesterday I just thought "damn it!" and "seduced" him. It was crazy. Wonderful. But today the bastard come with stupid jokes, calling me a slag, because I knew he didn't want to make love and I seduced him. Firstly I wasn't taking it seriously but he then went too far and I told him that never ever again in my life he's going to touch me. Five minutes later he started playing and trying to hug me. I told him to stop, he didn't. So I slapped him!!! He got fucking angry. I'm feeling a bit lost now. He's making me hate him when everything should be wonderful.

London 25/05/1990 Friday
Hello! First the financial news: I decided not to work at Joe's shop anymore and spent two more weeks delivering the magazines and looking for night jobs in supermarkets. Last week Helena told me there was a job in the cafe/restaurant just about the opposite side of Joe's shop. I went there and got the job, because Helena had been working there too, but she wanted to go back to Switzerland on Tuesday, and so I took her place. Before she went she trained me and yesterday I started working there full-time. I didn't do very well, it was terrible. Today was a bit better but it's so busy and I'm the only one supposed to take the orders - but everyone has had to help. There are three cooks (two of them nice, Greek and Turkish), and the owners, a Greek couple, and the woman who washes the dishes, also Greek.

It's mostly working class people eating there and sometimes they are not very patient and take the piss out of me, as I'm still learning the job. I feel like telling them to fuck off sometimes. But I can't.

Ah, on Monday David turned up at the cafe, with friends. I hadn't seen him since he disappeared. He called me his wife and said he wanted to be my boyfriend again. I just laughed at his face. He said he was coming back later at 2. He came back but one of his friends started a fight inside the cafe! I just turned my face the other way and didn't want to look at him anymore, then he just left. But I felt happy to see him, he's rough but funny.

Gustavo and I are looking for a place but it's not been easy. I'm sick of him, he's a boring arsehole. But I'm confused. I hate him 90% of the time. We had sex a couple more times but neither of us wants it anymore. You might think I don't want to because he doesn't want to. Well, maybe. But I really don't want to. Maybe if he said to me "Oh I really

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like you and want to be your boyfriend", maybe then. I guess this means he is in control. But it won't last. I'm really sick of him, of what he says and what he represents. We went to Camden Palace Feet First on Tuesday. I drank five whiskey's and danced the whole night. I met an Italian guy (Marco) and talked to him a lot. Gustavo just stayed by himself. Marco wanted to kiss me but I didn't let him, but he gave me his watch! Camden Palace is great!

Yesterday Gustavo and I went to see a flat and then went to visit Letitia. She's going to Paris with Rob next week. Gustavo bought some hash from Rob and we smoked a lot. I went to bed at 3 and then off to work in the morning, half asleep!

London 29/05/1990 Tuesday
Everything suddenly fell into place, from one day to the next, and now I don't want to see Gustavo even if he's dressed as Henrique. On Saturday night we smoked lots of hash and he said the most awful things to me. He said he didn't trust me, that I'm false, that I lie! I didn't understand why he was saying this and he wouldn't tell me. Then he kept saying he didn't fancy me and that he's never coming near me again. All of this should have left me devastated. But I just stopped and analysed and all I managed to feel was anger at myself for thinking this stupid boy was worth of my affections. He's so shallow, foolish, ignorant, reactionary...

On Sunday him, me and my mum and Carmen went to Cambridge. My mum told me Gustavo was an idiot, alienated, a spoiled rich brat. How could I be friends with him? Even Carmen complained he keeps asking really stupid questions, about things that make no sense and are out of context. And the landlady said that Gustavo must not stay anymore or we will have to leave, a lot of pressure. I felt responsible for the situation and felt sorry for him. Shame he's so unbearable, my love for him couldn't survive the horrible things he said to me.

We arrived back from Cambridge and at 10:30 Karl and Robinson arrived, saying they paid someone to open a squat, we just had to pay £50.00 and we could have a bedroom until it finished (i.e. until the council took people to court). I was so happy! Gustavo and I paid the money and had a spliff with the angels who saved the situation, and got back home.

Then Gustavo turns to me and says he doesn't want me there, in the same room as him. I couldn't believe it. But I thought at least now my conscience could feel at ease, he has a place to live. I was stupid enough to invite him here without a firm place to stay, at least now I can wash my hands off him. So he moved in yesterday and I went to see the squat. Once Gustavo goes I can keep the room. Karl took me there. The flat is new, just painted. Just needs furniture. Denise and Robinson sleep in the other bedroom. The five of us came to my house to pick the stereo up - for Capoeira, as Robinson's is broken. On the way we walked past a fast food restaurant and Denise and Gustavo got a job! They wanted two women but I didn't want the job, I didn't like the look of the place, so Gustavo took it. Mission accomplished: House and job in 24 hours!

I did Capoeira after two weeks. Gustavo hated it, kept saying it's ridiculous. But now he's living with Robinson and he suddenly loves it. I feel sorry for him, it must be difficult not having a personality. He thinks he's great but no one really gives a shit about him. Nobody could stand him in Rio either, I could see it, but I felt sorry for him. I can see the minute he opens his shouty mouth here, everyone starts to sigh. He told everyone he has lots of friends in Rio and then he told me that they all think I'm weird and hate me. I don't know if it's true or not. But if it is, I don't really care anymore. I was the only person who really liked him and he treated me like this. Now I'm part of the group of people who tolerate him and who are slightly embarrassed to be with him when he opens his mouth. I could go on, but I'm just tired of all of this now. I don't even want to be friends with him.

London 02/06/1990 Saturday
Never has a year gone by so quickly!
I went to the squat after work yesterday, to visit Denise. Gustavo would have been at work. I walked the 4km to Seven Sisters and on the way I walked past the place Denise and Gustavo were working. Were! They guy said they no longer worked there. When I got there only Gustavo was in, Denise had gone out as she had found a job as a cleaner and Robinson had gone out with Karl.

Cláudia Corrêa © 1969 - 2025

Gustavo said they wanted to pay £50pw each, when in fact they had arranged £100pw! They basically tried to con them. They left after a few hours and got paid £1p/h each. Evil bastards. Gustavo was skating around the flat. Then he smoked two spliffs and didn't offer me any. Do you know why? Every single time there was a chance we'd be caught smoking he'd pass me the spliff. I told him that and he was infuriated and said I was the biggest liar ever and that I was NEVER EVER having a smoke from his spliff. Well, he sure keeps his word. I couldn't believe his attitude, it really hit me, so I had a cry in the balcony. I felt so lonely, with no friends. He then just stood next to me saying nothing. I went to the bathroom and Denise arrived. She saw I'd been crying and gave me a knowing look. We talked and she gave me some of her spliff and I felt better. Robinson arrived and we all went to Kar's to watch tv. I told Karl everything that had been going on while the rest watched a really boring film about fighting. He said he thinks Gustavo is incredibly immature.

Later Robinson and I went to buy some food. Robinson said he doesn't love Denise anymore, they have been together for 9 years! That he likes Gustavo, but he's too childish, daddy's boy and really really loud and shouty. And then he said we should get together, even if it was just there and then. He was really tempting me! But I resisted. I know Denise now and I like her and even if he says it's over I'm not getting in the middle of it. And also I don't really fancy him now that I know him. We got back to Karl's flat. Everyone left at 11:30 and me and Karl watched a really good programme called BUZZ. Karl dropped me home at 2am.

London 04/06/1990 Monday - Patrick

I just had one of the longest weekends of my life and the best one in England! Feels like a month has passed since I left home on Saturday afternoon... I arrived at the squat and Denise, Gustavo, and the guy who opened the squat were there. Robinson was out with some capoeiristas doing a demo. We smoked from 5 to 8 (about three spliffs) and went to a pub, the pub was so good we were the only people there. It's the nearest pub to the estate. We stayed until closing time, bought some food and then me, this guy, and Gustavo went to a party in a squat, in the same block. Denise and Robinson stayed behind arguing.

People started arriving, there were only about 9 people at that stage. I was smoking and drinking beer. Suddenly some guy out of nowhere asked me to dance with him. Some crazy reggae it was *(Dub)*. The music he put on just blew my mind! We danced and BOOM! I was captivated!!! Tanned, blue eyes, dark hair... I felt a bit breathless every time I looked at him. He asked me to sit down with him and we talked for half an hour. He's Irish, 24 years old, and a civil engineer. Then suddenly, very naturally, we started kissing. And then we just couldn't stop kissing. And Gustavo was just there, awkward. We were so stoned we just laid there for a while, while he stroked my arm. Time slowed down, Gustavo went home, Denise said she'd leave the door ajar for me, for when I wanted to sleep. But I didn't go back.

Patrick and I kissed until daylight (4:30 am), everyone else was sleeping everywhere. We carried on smoking and drinking... Then we sat on the sofa and fell asleep and woke up at 10. Then another spliff got lit. He asked me to go to Finsbury Park with him, 12 hours of rock. But I had arranged to go to the Barbican with Karl, Robinson, Denise and Gustavo, to a Capoeira performance. Patrick didn't want to go there, and I didn't have £20 to pay for this show. So we stayed on the balcony for a bit, I gave him my number and said goodbye. Those hours we spent together were magical!

So we went to the Barbican and stayed from 2 to 7:30. I was stoned most of the day. I did a black magic dance workshop with Pequeno: macumba! What a fun, crazy way to talk to God! I had a brilliant time at the Barbican, I felt so at home. I didn't do the Capoeira performance because I had forgotten my abada. Any of Robinson's or Silvia's students could join in. Also I was so stoned I couldn't really concentrate! From there we walked past Finsbury Park and then got back to the squat. We smoked more and I took the last tube home. I laid down, closed my eyes and then when I opened them it was today! Argh, WORK! Time went by quickly at work and when I finished I bumped into David. He made a big fuss, bought me cigarettes, ice-cream and we came to my house. He kept cuddling me, thinking we were going to pick things up again. He said he'd been in prison for six weeks for driving without a licence. He then started to try and kiss me and I said I was seeing someone else. He went red, no, he went purple!!! And said "oh, thank you very much!" - as if I had an obligation to go out with him. He stormed out, fuming and for some reason I felt bad, cruel... But I don't like him!

Charlie Goldbow 1989 - 2026

I was thinking of Patrick when I said I had a boyfriend... Today I tripped a lot, to the center of my ego. I put the mirror in front of me, danced, sang, laughed at myself... Comical! I did the Capoeira lesson stoned. It was like I was someone else. I came home early and now I'm going to sleep!

London 06/06/1990 Wednesday
Blimey, I was in a funny place when I was writing the above. If I lost my memory and tried to make sense of my weekend by reading it I might feel a bit lost... I must have entered a self-destructive, compulsively irresponsible phase.

After class, yesterday, Letitia and I went to the Intrepid Fox and we drank vodka with wine. At 10:30 we went to meet Rob in Leicester Square then got back to the pub and stayed until closing time. Then we went to Camden Palace. Rob was paying for everything so I carried on drinking until I could drink no more. I had seven vodkas and wine, including the ones earlier. I spent the whole show on my own. At first I was sitting down, like a wino. Didn't want to stay with Letitia and Rob because I wasn't in the mood for their games, didn't fancy watching their theatre because I didn't want to be in their play. After the show I danced until 3 when it all finished. My legs are aching!

The lights came on and I was looking for Letitia and Rob and found her chatting to a gorgeous Brazilian. We sat on the floor, the four of us, and talked until we got kicked out. Then the three of us went to eat something. Letitia put on a big show, not even Rob could be funnier than her, but I sensed he was upset because she was the center of attention. We waited for a bus for an hour, and when daylight broke they took a taxi. I waited for a bus for another 15 minutes. I got home at 4:30 and I missed work, didn't wake up until 2:30!!!! Shit! My boss phoned and the first excuse that popped in my head was that I ate bad food and had vomited and had to see a doctor...

London 11/06/1990 Monday
Mental hangover day
On Friday Patrick phoned me for us to arrange what to do on the weekend. I arranged for us to meet at the Brazilian squat at 5, on Saturday. Got there on Saturday and chatted to Denise and Robinson. Then Gustavo and some random man arrived. Patrick arrived at 5 and we stayed together until 10pm on Sunday. So we went to the pub with another four Irish friends of his. My Brazilian friends didn't want to come. After a while the gang of Irish people, living in squats and working in the building industry had been reunited at the pub. Patrick was trying to get everyone to go to Camden. He got up, said he'd be back in 20 minutes, called me, told everyone he was going to get some hash. We spent about an hour in the flats, going from flat to flat. We went to his, to get money, then to another flat to buy hash, then to another flat for a chat, then to Frank's squat to watch tv. The whole of the 10th floor is squatted. We stopped at Patrick's flat and smoked until 4. We never made it to Camden. Until 2 am we didn't have a moment's peace. Every five minutes someone would come in, for no reason. It seemed like it was on purpose. Eventually everyone went to sleep. Even with all the interruptions we were touching each other, staring at each other, kissing, from 7 (when we got back from the pub) until 4.

He put some amazing music on... First that trippy reggae he was playing when we first met. Then some classical music. Shit then I can't remember. Then some punk music and I fell asleep. We took a 15 minute nap and one of his friends came home. They talked for a bit and his friend went to sleep. We napped again, but there was a comfy bed and we were uncomfortable on the sofa! So we went to his bedroom and... I can't even talk about it because it will spoil the magic, and words can't describe the moment, the heat. Well, I don't have the words to describe it! My life could have ended today and I'd die happy.
- Pause to relive it! - Ai ai ai...

Not sure I slept, I closed my eyes and when I opened them it was 10 in the morning... The neighbours knocked and came in to say good morning, have a smoke and a chat. Patrick and I smoked, and went for a coffee at Denise's. Patrick and I went to Camden, he bought me a black earring and he wore the other one. We bought food, went to Regent's Park, smoked, ate and slept. I had dreams, the sun was strong and I caught it. At three we had another spliff and went back to Camden to meet some of Patrick's friends and mine who never turned up. We were just wandering around, got more food and sat by the canal. He told me about his life, and I told him about mine. Check this out, on

Gleticia Gonçalvez, 1989 - 2025

Saturday Patrick put some Irish protest songs on, and I was so stoned I started imagining he was in the IRA, fighting for freedom. Except he's from the Republic of Ireland... But at one point I almost really believed he was with the IRA... He has just finished university, he's only 21, not 24 - he said that because he thought I was older. He received his results and diploma on Friday. We got on really well.

I took Patrick to the Brazilian squat and everyone was speaking Portuguese, Patrick just looking bemused, rolling up the joints. He got up and went somewhere, and I thought he wouldn't come back because he hates when everyone starts speaking Portuguese. He came back after 10 minutes, to get me so we could watch Brazil vs Sweden at the pub on the colour screen. The pub was empty and I said I wasn't that bothered about the match, it was the atmosphere that mattered. He left and came back 10 minutes later with all the Brazilians! Oh my God, Gustavo wouldn't stop shouting when the match was on. It was pathetic. More people arrived. And Gustavo screaming like a lunatic "Brazil is the best!!" I was mortified.

On the first goal, the Brazilians jumped up (except me, I was stoned and embarrassed), on the second goal, we all shouted, Gustavo jumped and ran around like a headless chicken. The third goal, scored by Sweden, all the non Brazilians jump around, scream, make lots of noise. It was all a bit weird. After that there was a strange atmosphere.

The game ended, Patrick went home and I went to the Brazilian squat. Patrick said he might need to work on Sunday (he works on Chelsea Bridge, they are blasting the entire bridge) and we might not be able to see each other. I looked at him in the eye and said "You are working on Sunday?" he said "maybe" and I believed him. Denise kept winding me up, asking "where is your little friend" whenever she saw me. At first she was calling him my "little boyfriend" and then she downgraded him to friend. What will it be tomorrow, acquaintance? I don't get why she was doing that... But it upset me.

I went home at 10, but I got a taxi, I was so exhausted. I smoked non stop all weekend, don't think I went for longer than an hour without a toke.

London 15/06/1990 Friday
My writing is like this because I didn't sleep last night. I'm like a zombie.
All the interesting news are about Patrick so let's go! On Tuesday he called me arranging to meet on Weds at 5:40 at Arsenal station. Except I understood he'd call me on Weds to confirm and as he didn't know if I he was coming for sure... Then at 6:30 on Weds he calls me, saying he had been waiting for me at Arsenal, and now he was in Seven Sisters. I explained the misunderstanding to him and asked him to come back. He wasn't too keen but came in the end. We went to Capoeira from there, he was just watching. Some of Karl's friends were filming the class as they are making a documentary about Capoeira. Afterwards we all went to the pub. Gustavo started saying he wants to stay for 6 months... In the end Patrick got a lift with Karl, and I nearly went with him, it was hard not to. We arranged to meet up on Saturday.

I missed English class yesterday, again, pure laziness and Patrick called at 9pm, asking me out for us to go dancing in a club he knows near Charing Cross. We met there at 11. As I was getting ready to go my mum got home and she really didn't want me to go out but I did. I got a bit lost, got off at the wrong station to get on the Northern Line and only arrived at 11:15... He only turned up at 11:30 and off we went. He had spent all his money so I bought the drinks, I couldn't afford too many but it was enough. We danced, talked, sat on a sofa and got asked to leave when it was all over. We went to Trafalgar Square and sat on a lion and watched the sunrise. Wish I had my camera! I wish I could be with him all the time... It's so nice being with him. We got the bus to Seven Sisters and ate there, we were starving. We laid down at 5am and at 6 his flatmate came to get him to go to work. It took us ten minutes to build up the courage to get up and we left together. He was fed up, saying he was sick of getting up at 6 and that he nearly left his job yesterday. The way he complains is so cute it just makes me laugh.

Got home at 7, had a shower, listened to my mum lecture me and then went to work. I was so tired, I broke two plates, my face looked awful. I was going to sleep but Sandra, from Capoeira, asked me to go with her to Seven Sisters, to the squat, as she needs a place to live.

Clelicia Gouvêa - 1969 - 2025

London 19/06/1990 Tuesday
On Friday, before going to meet up with Sandra, James came here saying he got us an audition for Glastonbury, which is on next weekend. Patrick asked me to go with him but it's too expensive. If we go to show Capoeira we get in for free! We met with Sandra and went to Seven Sisters. It took us two hours to convince Robinson to go to the audition, he doesn't trust James... I bumped into Patrick on my way up to the flats, he was washing his clothes and we arranged to meet later in the pub.

Off we went to the audition, on the way I told Patrick I was going to do this and he said he'd call on Saturday. In the end we didn't get to audition (me, James, Denise, Robinson and Sandra) because we got there too late! We got lost on the way there. We arranged to go back on Monday and James dropped me home on his new motorbike.

On Saturday I was working and James turned up as I was about to leave and we went to Seven Sisters on his motorbike (I came home first to pick my 'suitcase' up). We got there and the Brazil game was starting. We watched the first half in the Brazilian squat (me, Denise, Robinson, Gustavo and James). We went to Frank's squat for the second half. Patrick turned up there when the match ended and we went to his squat for me to tape some of his tapes. After a while we went to Denise's squat (in my mind the Brazilian squat is hers). Patrick said his brother was arriving from Ireland and they were meeting up in Camden. I went with them. We met his brother, Zeno (Patrick's flatmate and best friend) and his girlfriend. Patrick's brother is 20 years old, he came here for a job as there are none in Ireland. We left them and Patrick took me to a posh restaurant. I didn't want to go in, it was too bourgeois for my liking, but... I ate lasagna, drank wine, and Patrick gave me a flower. Romantic! After that we met everyone at the pub and then went to Electra (Electric Ballroom), to dance. Patrick took me upstairs, it was all 50/60s music, he says he'd have liked to live them. I think I prefer 60s/70s. Now the 50s seem to be in fashion with the Psychobilly thing. We danced, talked. His friend and brother drank so much! His brother started singing to me, funny! We took a taxi home. Patrick's brother will stay with him until he finds a place/job. We went to "sleep" as the sun came up, for a change... We woke up with all the noise Zeno and his brother were making.

Patrick was going out of London to an Irish festival and I wanted to go to Camden to play Capoeira... I didn't want to go with him. It was funny. Zeno and Patrick's brother (can't remember his name, as you can guess) went downstairs and Patrick stayed behind to find out if I was coming or not. We ran to have a wash, put some music on, took our clothes off... But the water was freezing cold! I nearly froze. In the end I didn't go with him. I went to Camden with Robinson, Gustavo, James and Sandra but spent the whole time wishing I was with Patrick!

Today Patrick came here and I cooked some pasta for us and played Legiao Urbana... It was so nice. My mum arrived from college and met him. I don't think I'm in love with him yet but I'm starting to worry about how it will all end.

London 25/06/1990 Monday
Heellllooooooooo!!!!
Brazil lost to Argentina yesterday. Still can't accept it, but also not too bothered. It's not the end of the world, but Brazil must be waking up a little sad today.

As we were planning on going to Glastonbury I asked for Saturday and Monday off, at the beginning of last week. In the end no one went. I went to Seven Sisters on Friday. Gustavo is in Amsterdam and I stayed in his room. Denise, Robinson, Otavio and another Brazilian were smoking hash and drinking. I was smoking, smoking. At 9:30 I went to Patrick's squat and Zeno said he'd gone out with his brothers. Us, the four Brazilians, went to the corner pub, drank and ate. Not a drop of alcohol passed my lips. Went back to the flat and smoked some more. When I was almost asleep Patrick's brothers (another one arrived from Ireland, he's 17 years old) knocked on our door, looking for a lighter. They said Patrick had gone to sleep. I was really stoned but went over to say hi and fell asleep. Patrick went to work at 6 and I went back to my, I mean, Gustavo's room. I woke up at 11 and smoked with Denise and Robinson. Patrick got back at 2 and bought some hash. We stayed in his room from 3-6 smoking, sleeping, kissing, talking. We then rolled 6 joints, I got changed, stayed with Denise for a bit and we were going out. Except I had a really bad attack of stomach pain. When we left I was fine but by the time we got to Earl's Court I was in agony. Patrick arranged to

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meet his brothers and Zeno at Prince of Tec. I knocked on Letitia's door but she wasn't in. We found the pub, but it was packed, so we sat outside and smoked our hash.

Then the three musketeers arrived, completely legless, gone past Marrakesh. Comical. Patrick and I were sober and we just laughed at them. Zeno fell asleep on the pub's counter and wouldn't wake up. Patrick and his younger brother (can't remember his name either!) had to carry him out of the pub. My stomach was really hurting so me, Zeno and Patrick left.

When we got back we smoked more and went to Karl's flat, Denise and Robinson were there. Patrick rolled four more joints. I couldn't take it anymore. Denise and Robinson left and we stayed with Karl and his new girlfriend. Patrick started falling asleep and I was totally stoned. So we left. When we got outside Patrick pucked up all his dinner. It was really dense because he hardly had a drink, just food. He said he hadn't been sick for 6 months. I don't know which one of us was in a worse way. We passed out when we got to his room. Next day we took a break. I went to Denise's flat, had a shower, went to see Patrick again, but he was rolling more joints. No... I went back to the flat. Robinson stayed with them and I smoked a joint with Denise. Went to watch the damned Brazil match at Karl's. Brazil missed about 10 chances and conceded 8 minutes from the final whistle. Worst of all they missed THE goal when there were 2 minutes left. They deserved to lose to stop being so full of themselves. Karl had real weed. Yum! I'm so sick of hash. Denise and I went back to the flat after the match. We didn't have any matches so I knocked on Patrick's door. Zeno and his girlfriend opened the door, looking at me as if someone died. I thought something bad happened to Patrick! Then I remembered the game!!! Then we started talking about it, and Patrick's brothers joined in the conversation. Then Patrick gets out of his room, looking very sleepy and creased. He smoked all the hash in the morning and slept all afternoon. He was fresh and I was stoned. I was leaving and he asked me to join him and everyone at the pub. I told him to come and knock on the door when he was leaving. Denise was depressed and I did all I could to get her to come, but she refused to. So I went with Patrick and his posse and Zeno's girlfriend. They all know my name but I can't remember theirs, his brothers names, I never heard those names before!

Suddenly Patrick turns to me and asks me to go to Greece with him in two weeks! I said maybe three weeks so I can save money too. Happiness!!! We just sat there making plans: two weekends without drinking, not spending any money. On the 3rd weekend we go and spend, 2, 3, 4 weeks away! We went to his room and laughed for ages. No drugs, no drinks. Not sure what time we slept. At six he got up. I watched him get dressed. The room was a mess, I couldn't find my shoes. Then he said he wasn't going to work and laid down with me. After ten minutes he got up, got changed in a mad rush and left running to catch his lift to work.

I slept a little more, went to Denise's and then came home. I picked some photos up from last week. The idiots gave me the right negatives but the wrong photos! They are going to develop them again but now I have to wait until Friday!

I'm so scared now. Afraid of losing Patrick. I have a feeling it won't last forever and I don't like this feeling. He says he won't be here for much longer as he doesn't like this life. How can he think about going? I can't think like this. I'm so happy with him I feel sad. I never thought happiness could bring so many questions and fear. I've never felt so happy and so scared. I can't talk, I can't stop crying.

London 29/06/1990 Friday

I'm smoking one now...

Had a weekend half-way through the week, a very mad one. Patrick said he'd go to Capoeira on Monday, but didn't go because Ireland won the game, and it had gone to penalties. On Weds he called me, and came to my place after work, we ate and then went to Capoeira. The class was being filmed again and Sylvia and Peixinho were there. It was amazing! Peixinho was joking with me, saying he was very upset now that I have a boyfriend. He gave me a daisy and we played Capoeira on the road.

Robinson invited me and Patrick to smoke at his flat. Then Patrick asked me to stay at his. I said yes and we all drove to Seven Sisters in Karl's car. When we got there we went to a phone box so I could ring my mum, but no one answered it and it was midnight already.

Glenda Gollion 1990 - 2006

Gustavo arrived back from Amsterdam and brought a Brazilian friend he made there, Felipe. While we smoked Felipe showed us a huge roll of money, Brazilian money, which was now worthless. When I left it would have been worth a fortune and now it is worth NOTHING. I was throwing all the money up in the air, and pretending I was rich. Then I showed all the figures on the notes to Patrick, explaining who they were - there's one with Villa Lobs and if you fold it a certain way it looks like he's smoking a spliff! He liked that!
We got to Patrick's flat and Patrick tells me to wait in the living room. One of Patrick's brothers, Zeno's brother and some other guy were sleeping in the living room. Patrick comes in saying his other brother, Cormac, was sleeping in his bed and that he woke him up, he was going to have to sleep in the living room, although we weren't sure where exactly!

I started joking saying that I felt bad about taking Cormac's bed for the night, they were trying to make me feel bad, also jokingly, saying he had to be up at the crack of dawn, and we were all laughing. Then in walks Cormac, wrapped in a blanket, half-asleep. We all cracked up, including him. Cormac tried to lie on the same sofa as his younger brother, Gareth, and the two started beating each other up, but half asleep, it was comical... My belly was aching from laughing. We all carried on talking until 2am. Then we made love and it was magical as ever, it's like we've been together for months! Before we know it, we can hear Zeno saying "Patrick, it's quarter past six"
I couldn't believe it, I had barely closed my eyes! A while later we hear Zeno again:
"Patrick, if you are still interested in going to work, it's half past six" That made me burst out laughing, but Patrick didn't get up. He mumbled and went back to sleep and so did I. I then woke up at 8:15 and got up in a panic, as I was meant to be at work at 8:30. I got dressed and went to say goodbye and... Didn't get up! We only woke up at 2. Patrick saying that if he went in he could still salvage his job (he's missed quite a lot already), but he didn't move. We got up eventually and Patrick phoned his boss, who told him he had ONE MORE CHANCE!

We stayed in the pub until 5, and soon everyone started arriving back from work, and before we knew it, it was like a party in the squat. I was drinking vodka at 5 on a Thursday afternoon, how decadent! Robinson and Denise turned up, then Patrick and I went to another squat to buy some hash. Not sure why but we sat there for an hour, waiting and he told me about his long distance girlfriend in Ireland that he's meant to marry, they have been seeing each other for 3 years, but apart for 2 years. He went to university in Dublin and her in America... I told him about my boyfriend in Brazil (Gino, Gino who?).

Then he asked me if I was happy there with him, in some random living room, and I said I was. I said that I was always happy when he was around, and I nearly cried (I didn't let him see that!). He said "Yeah, it's just really nice when I'm with you" and we just sat there quietly, my heart pounding with happiness. But I was also very worried about my job and my mum, who was going to kill me, so it was a bit of an odd moment. I felt very sad too. We are just two kids pretending we are grown ups, life is so heavy - there's no horizon. Living to earn a living. Rubbish. We want to go to Greece!

Someone eventually turned up with some hash, I bought it and gave half to Patrick, we smoked and I went home at 10, by taxi, Patrick paid for it.

When I got home my mum said she's moving out in about 2 months, on her own, I can go and find my own place. I thought fair enough, I've been worrying her and doing stupid things. Also she said that if I grow up and regret my actions I can go and stay with her. But I think it's time for me to live on my own. And there's somewhere I can stay, for free!

I called Pearl (my boss) and told her I had some family problems to deal with. She asked me to work today until 6 and I agreed straight away, despite knowing Patrick was going to call at 4... Everyone is in a good mood on Fridays at work, I like it. So this is the end of my adventures and also the end of the hash. I'm staying in tonight.

London 02/07/1990 Monday

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Had a very lazy, shitty weekend. I got to Patrick's at 5 on Saturday (we had arranged to meet) but he wasn't there. I talked to all the people living in his squat for a bit. When I met Patrick it was only him and Zeno living there. Now Patrick's two brothers, Zeno's brother and three friends live there! Patrick arrived at 5:20, while he had a shower I went to say hi to Denise. Patrick and Zeno's brother, who is studying to become a doctor but whose name I can't remember (I blame the hash) came to get me, and we went to watch Ireland vs. Italy... What a match, but Ireland lost.

There was a party in a squat, 10 minutes away. They had filled the bath with beer and there were 8 people in the living room. Some Italian woman was completely legless, celebrating Italy's win - everyone else was Irish. The party was dead so we went back to base and everyone was a bit down because Ireland had lost. Patrick didn't drink a drop of alcohol during the match to save money, but ended up lending money to his brothers and friends (£200!!!!) because everyone is unemployed and he was penniless. He said we had never argued before and started trying to have an argument with me (he was sober and bored), but we couldn't argue. There's no resentment between us... yet... Woke up on Sunday and too many men were gathered at his flat so I went to the Brazilian squat. Wagner, Felipe, Gustavo, Denise and Robinson were there. Then a lightbulb went on in my head. I called all the Irish to go to the Brazilian squat. It was great. Karl turned up to. There were 20 of us in the living room. A big mattress in the middle, everyone smoking. It was my favourite moment of the weekend. But it didn't last long as all the Irish were starving and left, I went with them. No one had any money and all they seem to be able to do with their spare time is drink, so they were just sitting there looking bored. That was doing my head in so I left and went back to the Brazilian squat. Stayed there from 3 till 11, smoking, playing Capoeira, listening to music, smoking, watching tv, talking... I only went to Patrick's once to borrow rolling paper but he wasn't in the living room and I didn't ask where he was. When I realised it was 11 at night and Gustavo was home. He was going to Portugal today and needed some things that are still at my mum's house... I fell asleep during England x Cameroon. I met Patrick later but we were so bored, knowing that we can't have another weekend like this.

We spent the Sunday apart. I wanted him to come and see me but didn't want to make the first move and go see him. I really don't want another weekend like this... Patrick wanted me to stay but I went home crying, depressed. Are they going to live like this forever? Working hard all week and drinking all weekend? I felt sorry for the Irish and felt hatred for this dog of a world.

London 06/07/1990 Friday
I don't think we can go to Greece. Patrick spoke to his boss and he said he'd would need at least five weeks to find someone to replace him... I'm at the launderette right now, by the way.

I went to visit Letitia on Tuesday. On a whim I just went out at 9pm and took the tube to Earl's Court. Got lucky, she was in! She had just nicked a swimming costume for me that day from the shop she works in, how sweet! I'd like her and Patrick to meet soon. I wonder if he'll fall for her, everyone else does! Her and Rob aren't doing so well, she split up with him on Weds (she phoned me to tell me this). He actually hit her! I don't believe this.

On Weds I was trying on the swimming costume Letitia gave me, well, trying to, on a broken mirror (that's the only mirror we have), and I let it slip and it landed on my right thigh. I was horrified, it was a deep cut, 5cm in length, when Patrick rang the doorbell. He had left work earlier than normal. I opened the door with a bleeding leg. The phone rang and I ran up the stairs. It was my mum, she said she'd be coming home early. We didn't go to Capoeira and watched Brazil vs Germany in the living room, my mum went to sleep early.

We were snogging and feeling each other up and having a great time, so at midnight I woke my mum up and asked if Patrick could stay. NO! she said. So he went home...

Yesterday we went to Queen's Head in Turnpike Lane. What a great pub! I drank wine and whisky. Patrick didn't have money so I lent him some. We met one of his friends from college, a really nice, intelligent guy. Patrick's brothers and friends from Seven Sisters are a bit rough, or they don't like me, not sure, but they aren't very friendly... Both of Patrick's college friends were going to Paris today, so we ended up going to the pub in Seven Sisters, so he could say bye.

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I was so drunk and told Patrick I thought his friends didn't like me. He said those friends are rude and cold like that to everyone not just me and that they can be arseholes. Well, I ended up staying, he wouldn't let me go home and I didn't want to go. I never felt like this before! I nearly cried, I wanted him so much I was overwhelmed by desire! I just lost all my senses. But neither of us managed to cum. After a while, we were exhausted, but not quite there, Patrick couldn't get it up anymore. It's either too much hash & alcohol or it's psychological. I felt awful, like it was my fault but didn't say anything. If it happens again we will have to talk. We fell asleep pretty soon after, pretending nothing had happened, and only woke up at 6 this morning. I never felt like this, it's awful and amazing all at once.

London 13/07/1990 Friday
I can't find a pen anywhere, so I'll use this pencil instead...

Hum, where to start... On Saturday I went to Seven Sisters with 2 bags full of clothes. I got there at 5 and there was no one in the Brazilian squat. I went to the 14th floor (Felipe and Wagner opened a squat there), also no one home. I went to Patrick's flat. No one in either.

Because Patrick had called me earlier saying we should meet at the Queen's Head I decided to go there. I hid my bags in the light box on the 9th floor and went. Except I said I'd be there at 8, if I went, as I wasn't sure what I'd be doing yet. It was only six in the afternoon when I got there.

I sat on the outside, drinking wine and whisky and watching life go by. Then I watched some football (England vs Italy) and it was 8:30. No Patrick. So I left. But I got on the wrong bus! Had to walk for half an hour to get back to Seven Sisters.

When I got back Robinson was home so I rescued my bags and put them in Gustavo's room. Robinson kept bugging me, asking me to lie down with him, so I left and went looking for Patrick. He was in his room on his own. I was a bit annoyed because so far my Saturday hadn't gone so well. I asked Patrick why he wasn't at the Queen's Head. He said he'd been there at 4. He ignored me, so I got up and left. He turned up half an hour later. And then we talked for ages, I told him about my day and he comforted me.

On Sunday we were on our way to a jazz concert in Elephant & Castle, but on the way there was a gas leak at King's Cross, we had to run out of the station, it was scary. The sun was shining and we sat outside the station watching the firemen and the police do their thing. The area was full of people, and we watched for half an hour. After that we went swimming in Highbury. The pool closed at 5:30 so we went to the fields and took a nap. Around 7 we bought lots of things to eat: crisps, hummus, apple pie, juice, soft cheese, coleslaw, chocolate, cottage cheese, bread. And we had a picnic in Highbury fields. Then it was time to watch the world cup final. It took half an hour and two buses to find a pub showing the match. The final was shit and I was in agony because of all the stuff I ate, my stomach was hurting me. Another attack... The match finished, Germany won, and I felt better. After a healthy day, a sunny day, free of drugs, we went to the Brazilian squat to watch Gremlins and smoke. Then we went to his bedroom and smoked more. Then I got into some weird paranoid state. I don't even remember if we had sex or not. I was talking a lot of crap to try and provoke him, I was sort of joking but also serious. Eventually he just hugged me and everything was fine. Sometimes I'm too sensitive...

On Monday we woke up at 6. I don't like staying at his when he has work, he wakes up so tired, and starts thinking how bad we have it. Well, at least he has a decent job, a career. I just work as a waitress...

On Tuesday Patrick came here and asked me to cut his hair. I didn't want to as I liked his hair longer, as it was, but he insisted. It's too short and horrible. I felt sorry for him and mad at myself. He didn't seem bothered at all though. My mum arrived and literally kicked him out! He hates my mum now.

Wednesday was very sunny and I sunbathed in the park after work. In the evening I went to Capoeira with Patrick. After class we came to my house and I lent him some money and went to stay at his place. It was great fun... I was

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talking to one of Patrick's friends who went back to Ireland yesterday. Then, in bed, Patrick said he really liked it when the two of us were together in his bedroom and we had an amazing time! He went to work the next day and I stayed in bed sleeping a bit longer. Woke up at 8:30 and ran to catch the tube, but the Seven Sisters station was closed... I went to the bus stop but the buses were too full and not stopping. I phoned Perl, explaining the situation, saying I was making my way there, but she just put the phone down on me. It was a beautiful day, so I thought "to hell with work" and went back to the Brazilian squat.

I stayed there until one with Wagner and Robinson having fun. Sandra was going to Amsterdam and I went to the bank with her. I bought a dress and five blank tapes. We walked for about 2 hours non-stop and went to the park. I fell asleep in the park. We played some Capoeira. We returned to the flats at 6 and Sandra went out. I stayed with Wagner, Felipe and Robinson, smoking. At 8 I went out to buy cigarettes and Patrick was outside the pub. He shouted but I didn't see it was him (so blind!!!) until I got really near him! He'd been working until seven and has to work on Sunday too. He was outraged that I hadn't gone to work today and he thinks I'll probably lose my job. I stayed with him for 20 minutes until all the Irish arrived. I said bye and went back to the squat, didn't arrange to see him later or anything. I was with Denise, Wagner, Felipe, Robinson and Sandra, who'd come back from dinner. We talked so much, for ages... The Irish just seem to put the music on really loud, talk for 10 minutes and that's that. I fell asleep at 11, no sign of Patrick. I felt abandoned, not just by him but by the whole world. I wasn't mad at him, better not to have another day of waking up at six and having to watch him go.

I walked to work the next day. When I got there Pearl's husband had returned from holiday. No one asked me anything. They just said 'good morning', and me just waiting to be fired. After a while I said I had moved to Seven Sisters (which I have in a way). Pearl said she wanted to fire me, but her husband convinced her to give me one final chance. I was so happy!

After work I washed some clothes and then went sunbathing. Got home at 6. Spent the whole evening arguing with my mum. I can't take this anymore, we can't seem to agree on anything. Just now at 10:30 Patrick phoned me, full of beans, asking me to go out tonight. I had to pass, all the arguing has taken it out of me, and I'm tired. He wasn't very happy and I so wanted to be with him, but I have no energy.

Ah, I'm getting a nice tan!

London 17/07/1990 Tuesday
I was sent home early today from work as it was very quiet. There may not be any work for the next 2 weeks because of the Summer holidays. That's good but also bad as I'm skint and I bought a lot of things last week, and an abada from Mestre Peixinho to pay for next Monday. I have some money in the bank but don't want to touch that. I'm going to try to survive on £50 for the next 2 weeks. I might get work on Saturday and Monday, fingers crossed.

I slept at home last night and had some crazy dreams. In one of them my mum had come back to the living room, turned off the tv and she kept nagging me. She was sitting next to me (I was sleeping on the mattress in the living room) and I started slapping her. The dream was so real. When I woke up I was slapping the sofa next to me!

After that I started hearing some weird noises, very psychedelic, not sure how to describe them. I started to feel panicky and the noises got louder... I don't remember how, but the noise stopped. I had a wave of crazy dreams in Rio too, but there I was conscious of my descent into madness, here it seems I'm going crazy without noticing.

This weekend was different. Patrick worked on Saturday and Sunday until 7:30 and I was with Denise, Karl, Wagner, Felipe and Sandra. I bumped into Cormac, who asked if I had seen Patrick as he wanted to borrow money. A while later he went into the Brazilian squat looking for Patrick again. That annoyed me. When Patrick arrived he said his brothers had borrowed money from someone and told him Patrick would pay him back! What the hell? We stayed in on Saturday night, having fun in his bedroom.

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On Sunday Patrick got up at 5:30 and went to work. I went to the Brazilian squat and slept until 11. Robinson had gone to work too so Denise and I had a smoke. Karl turned up and we went to visit Pequeno, a Brazilian dancer (from the workshop). The four of us went to Camden Town. We sat by the canal smoking and Letitia turns up, wearing the smallest shorts ever, playing the tourist! She finished with Rob for good because he hit her again!!! I know she's very flirtatious and everything but he knew that when they started going out. If he didn't like it he should have finished the relationship, not beat her up! She kept teasing me, telling me I was stoned and then off she went. Karl, Denise and I went back to Seven Sisters, Pequeno went home.

After getting back, and much moving around from flat to flat, we ended up at the pub - Patrick, Denise, Robinson, Wagner and Felipe. Denise and Robinson decided to go and nurture their paranoia in their flat (I think they are slowly going mad) and we went to the Queen's Head. Wagner is such a redneck, he was talking so much shit, he was advising Patrick in matters of the heart for two hours. Felipe calls him ANIMAL. He's really really big and strong, not very clever and very naive. He talks a lot of nonsense, but has a heart of gold. What a character! To make it worse the two of them are 'hungry' and in the hunt for women and because Patrick was working all weekend I was the main target of their affections. They were sharpening their claws and using me as a practice target. I nearly killed Wagner at one point, but we had such a good laugh! And the sun was out all weekend!
Photos: https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/1158984

London 24/07/1990 Tuesday
I returned home after almost a week in Seven Sisters. I went there on Tuesday afternoon. Patrick and I went to his room and he couldn't get it up again after a while. He said he couldn't understand why, as it never happened before. He said he wanted me so much... Then he said that sometimes he thought about his girlfriend. I just felt ice running through my veins. I told him I'd leave him to it so he could think about her. He said not to go, that he likes me and hates when he thinks about her but couldn't help it. We talked until sunrise.

My conclusion is to just give it time and see what happens. He went to work. I had no money and Felipe wanted to borrow money, so we came to my house. Felipe went to get some food with the money I lent him and I stayed home. Patrick called me saying he was going to Capoeira. I felt a bit awkward around him, after last night, and I couldn't help it. Every time I looked at him all I could see was her. I wished he loved me like that. We went for a quick drink after and then back to his squat. We smoked, but I couldn't kiss him. I just turned around and went to sleep.

I spent Thursday with Wagner. I had a bad cold and we had no money. And everyone else was at work. We sunbathed, played cards all day. Wagner couldn't beat me but he didn't want to stop playing. I was all banged up with a headache... Wagner talks so much shit, he's such a child. I was ready to kill him by the end of the day. What a fucked up day, I can't bear another day like this.

Then people started arriving from work, and Karl gave me some Night Nurse. I took a lot of that. And smoked. As a result I was sleep walking. Patrick turned up at 10 and I was nearly asleep. Karl had bought food, but apart from the cold one of my wisdom teeth is infected and I couldn't open my mouth to let the food in. I forced something down though, as I hadn't eaten all day. Patrick carried me to his flat and I passed out.

On Friday we woke up at 6, I went to the Brazilian squat and slept until noon. I went out to get a copy of the key to the flat and bumped into Wagner. We played cards again. When Felipe, Robinson and Karl arrived we smoked like maniacs. My tooth was killing me. Denise arrived and cooked a lovely dinner: salad, rice and sweetcorn but I couldn't chew... Patrick turned up and we went to his room. This time he was the one who fell asleep straight away. I went to sleep twice recently as I was afraid of sleeping with him. But when I found myself there, with him 'sleeping', I just got up and left. When I opened the door I saw him looking at me, really sad, and he said goodbye. I thought 'This is it then' and went to sleep in the Brazilian squat.

On Saturday I woke up feeling really really sad. Denise, Robinson and I had two spliffs. Karl turned up with his son and they asked me to go out with them. I didn't even blink and said yes! I didn't want to see Patrick. We went to Oxford Street to meet Peixe, but I ended up losing everyone. It was so busy! And I was stoned. So I just got back to

Gleniga Gourlay, 1989 - 2026

Seven Sisters. When the lift door opened, Felipe, Patrick and Gareth came out. Patrick looked happy to see me and came to give me a kiss, but I just turned and spoke to Felipe. They were going out swimming. I ended up going with them, Patrick lent me some money as I had none. He asked me why I left him on Friday, and I said I felt stupid in that room. But today it was like nothing bad had happened. We swam, then Felipe and Gareth went back to Seven Sisters and we went to Covent Garden, where we bumped into Karl, his son, Denise and Robinson. We were trying to understand how we lost each other, when we found a Capoeira group: Ginga Brasil. They have just arrived from Sao Paulo and we were talking to them. Eventually everyone went their separate ways and it was just Patrick and I left.

We went to Earl's Court, to Letitia's house but she was out. Then Patrick took me to Chelsea Bridge, where he works. It was 8 o'clock, everyone had gone, and he has all the keys... We got into his office, I called Brazil, and got Patrick to speak to my cousin . He called his mum and I talked to her. What a Saturday! From there we went to a pub in the area. It's a very rich area and the pub was full of yuppies, yuck! We left pretty soon and went to the West End. It was packed, full of tourists. We walked around Soho, Piccadilly, Trafalgar Square, looking for a place to dance, but because of our informal attire, we weren't allowed in anywhere. We ate something and went to a club in Mannor House. They didn't want to let Patrick in because he wasn't wearing a black shirt! It's a shithole, so they let us in eventually. I downed three Comboy rums and passed out on Patrick's lap. I woke up and then he passed out on my lap. It finished at 2 and we were absolutely drunk. We walked to Seven Sisters painting the town red on the way. We passed out when we got in. At least we managed to stay away all day and Patrick didn't have to lend money to anyone. I suggested he only lends money to people on Monday, when they'll use the money to eat, not to drink. He liked the idea. We woke up at 8am on Sunday and FINALLY we made love, after all the drama! We went back to sleep and woke up at one. We made love again and had a bath. We then went to Camden. He bought some clothes. I took us to Earl's Court again, to see Letitia, and, surprise, she was out. We went back home and made love again. Delicious!

On Monday I went home and argued with my mum on the phone. She also has no money. I went to the dentist and the doctor. In the evening Patrick and I went to see the Ginga Brasil group perform. It wasn't busy as it was badly advertised, only 20 people or so. The show was amazing nonetheless. Patrick was amazed, he'd never seen a real roda. I was dribbling, I'd love to earn a living doing Capoeira. What a show, so much energy! In the end everyone could join and I went in. I love Capoeira. Their Capoeira is amazing. Compared to them Robinson isn't very good. Shame they are only staying for three months.

On the way home, on the tube, when I was going to get off at Highbury Patrick grabbed my arm and I didn't try hard enough to leave. It made no sense for him to sleep there for me to sleep here... It was very busy on the 11th floor, despite it being a Monday. We stayed in the Brazilian squat for a bit. I knew we just needed a bit of time and space. Things are so amazing right now!

Not going there tonight as I need to talk to my mum.

London 06/08/1990 Monday - 19th Birthday

It's been a while, let me try and recount the events of the last 13 days. On the 25th I was back in the restaurant, but hating it. Can't remember what happened in the next two days. On Friday I arranged with Patrick to go to Peixe's Capoeira class, but he didn't turn up, so after the class I went to Seven Sisters. It was Teresa's leaving party, she's an Irish girl. I was smoking while everyone kept pestering me, asking where Patrick was. He turned up at 1, completely wasted. He was apologetic but I didn't take much notice, which was stupid of me, as he passed out and I couldn't get him up. I ended up talking to Sean, another Irish guy until 5:30. I tried to wake him up for the 50th time, this time for him to go to work and he finally woke up. I was half asleep at work on Saturday. At around 1 Patrick turned up and got some food at the restaurant and soon after my mum turned up. We came to my house, and we were so tired we couldn't sleep at first but then slept until 6. We had arranged to visit Letitia but when we got there she was out! I nearly died, Patrick nearly killed me!

We met one of Patrick's friends in a pub in Holloway Road, then we went to a really shitty Irish party and finished at 11. From there Patrick and I went to Camden Palace and danced until 3. We went back to Seven Sisters and Patrick got some hash but no one had any papers. So Patrick said he was going to look for some at a party on the next block and I

Oleficia Golubew, 1989 - 2026

went with him. We got stuck in the lift! We tried everything to open the door, but no luck. So we rang the bell and waited for 15 minutes until someone told us the fire brigade were coming to get us. That lift is bomb proof, honestly, can't break out of it. We were only a little bit off the floor! We ate some of the hash and got really dizzy, but maybe that was the lack of fresh air. It took the firemen 15 minutes to open the damned door! We went to sleep after that as it was 5:30 when we got out.

On Sunday we came here and slept all afternoon. My mum arrived and started complaining. We left here at 9 and talked outside until midnight. How we talked! But I wanted to stay home and he went back to Seven Sisters.

On Tuesday evening I went to visit Letitia and asked if she had a job in her shop, and she gave me a bike! On Weds I called her in the shop and she said for me to go in on Thursday morning, to work. So I went. I didn't even hand in my notice at the restaurant, I was so fed up with it. It's a clothes shop, and I worked from 10-6 and earned £20. Easy money, but boring at times.
Letitia outside work – Portobello Rd

When I got home Patrick called, asking me to go meet him at a pub. Had shower, got a taxi and went. He was there with a friend from work and VERY VERY DRUNK. I had a drink or two and then we went home... We were lying on some grass in front of the block of flats and Patrick passed out. I spent ages trying to wake him up and NOTHING. I got annoyed and decided to go and get some help. Then a black guy starts following me and asking why I had left him there. I said I couldn't wake him up. The guy asked me to go 'there' with him so we could 'have a chat'. I decided to go back to try and wake Patrick up. He was more awake then and kept kissing me and laughing... Then another black guy turns up, he was enormous and he started shouting at us, telling us to go, saying he didn't want anyone on his turf. He told me to go back to my country and called me a stupid bitch as we started to walk away. I didn't even flinch, but that kinda woke Patrick up. He turned around and said "What did you say?". Well that resulted in another 20 minutes of arguing. Me and drunk Patrick arguing with the two coked up idiots. I swear they must have been on coke, or speed. The huge guy wanted to hit me because I said he was rude. At one point Patrick was between us two because I became so outraged I wanted to hit the bastard.

Then the idiot started saying he was a policeman and he was going to arrest us, that I'm a refugee and that I'm here illegally. Then he said I had two weeks to leave Seven Sisters or else... Another guy turns up and things were starting to look scary and I told Patrick we needed to go as you can't reason with people when they think like that. I started to leave, but Patrick stayed. I was shaking and really angry. I wanted to beat them all up. I couldn't leave Patrick there, so I stayed while Patrick talked to them... The guy who wanted to beat me up started apologising, and that made me even angrier. How can I accept an apology for something unforgivable? It made no sense for him to apologise after what he said. I couldn't accept it. At this point the situation seemed diffused, so I left crying. I ended up at the Brazilian squat. Patrick arrived a while later saying he'd been looking for me everywhere. He was saying I had abandoned him with those 3 wankers, on his own. I couldn't believe he was saying that. First of all, he was the one who passed out in the park, who wouldn't wake up. Second I kept telling him to leave but he wanted to stay and finish the argument at all costs.

In the end I called him 'my hero' and he said I was courageous. Well, I suppose I was but if they were going to hit someone it would have been him. Actually I think they would have attacked me too with no remorse... We felt ok in the end as we didn't take any shit from those bullies. And so we slept very soundly after making love!

On Weds Patrick slept here, my mum didn't have a clue. We got in and she was sleeping, he left for work and she was sleeping! On Friday Patrick and I arranged to meet at 8, at the launderette. But he wasn't there. As this was the second

Patrick Gilbey 1959 - 2025

time he didn't show up to something so I decided to go out with Felipe and Wagner, to Bar Escobar in South Kensington. We stayed there until closing time and got back at midnight to Seven Sisters. We got back and everyone was sitting outside the pub, all the Irish posse, including Patrick. It was funny. At midnight all those men sang happy birthday to me. I was 19 years old! I went to work on Saturday morning. Letitia wasn't at work on Friday because Rob beat her up very badly on Thursday and I only found out on Saturday. How I hate Rob. He is sick and disgusting. Patrick came to the shop and finally met Letitia, we all went for a drink after work. Patrick bought champagne for my birthday and I opened it. We went to Seven Sisters but Letitia didn't want to go. I slept on the tube as I was very drunk but felt more awake when we arrived.

Felipe was throwing a party for me but it was a bit lame. So at 1am Patrick and I went to Camden Palace but decided not to pay just to be there for an hour. We went to the Electric Ballroom but no one could go in anymore. So we went back to Seven Sisters... The party had survived and was still going! James gave me an acid as my birthday present. I only took half. Everyone else took acid too! In the end me, Patrick, Robinson, Denise, James, Felipe and two Irish guys were sat outside on the grass until 6am. I felt different and so happy. I couldn't stop laughing with Patrick. I never laughed so much. We went to bed but only managed to sleep at 9, until 3. Got up, got food and had a spliff with Denise. I took the other half of the acid and stayed in bed with Patrick until 8. We went to visit Letitia and she cooked spaghetti bolognese. Because she's moving she gave us both lots of clothes, from the shop. We missed the last tube and got a taxi home for £15. It took me two hours to fall asleep! Still don't feel quite normal.

I'm only working again on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. I'm still in training. When I'm finished they will let me work full-time. The clothes shop is on Portobello Road and it's called Desire.

Patrick & Letitia

London 14/08/1990 Tuesday
Don't feel like writing... My mum and I have to move out by the end of the week. I've no idea where to...

London 28/08/1990 Tuesday
Not sure where to start. My mum and I moved on the 18th to a flat nearby, on Balfour Road. Gustavo is still around but planning on leaving on Sunday. Everything is sort of the same but different...

Since we moved I only slept one night at the new place. I'm with Patrick all the time. But the most important thing happened this weekend. For some weeks I've known how in love I'm with him, feeling all that happiness and fear all at once. On Saturday he was coming to the shop when I finished, around 6, but no sign of him, I wanted until 7 and went

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home, upset. He could at least have called. When I got home I realised I'd go mad if I stayed there on my own, my mum was away. It was raining and I went to Seven Sisters. I was soaking wet when I got there. I went to all three Brazilian squats (10th, 11th and 14th floor) and no one was in. Patrick's room light was on and there was music playing but I refused to go there. So he wasn't dead and he just didn't turn up! I was going to Karl's and when I got in the lift a man with a bleeding face walks in. I got in the lift with him but he kicked me out, screaming at me to get out. An Indian woman outside told me he'd been bottled in a fight. Karl wasn't home. I sat on the steps for a while and then went back to the squats block. Went to the 14th floor and Wagner had just arrived. They had all been to the pub and came back early so I went to the 11th floor and we all played cards and smoked. Later on I felt worried and stressed out. So I went to the 10th floor with the excuse to go to Denise and Robinson's squat and then Felipe came with me to Patrick's. We could hear "She's leaving home" coming out of his bedroom. I went there. He was flat out on the bed. Drunk. I was stoned. He smiled and looked all innocent. I asked him what was his reason for not turning up, did he have an excuse? He said he didn't really. So I just got up and left and he started shouting for me to stay. I went to the living room and he started playing "She's leaving home" again. I thought that was really funny and went back to his room five minutes later. He said he stayed home alone, drinking and that it was nice. I found that upsetting so I left for good and slept on Felipe's sofa.

Woke up the next day and was on my way to Denise's squat when the lift door opened, it was Patrick and George. I said 'Good Morning' and carried on going to Denise's and knocked on her door, while Patrick followed me. George stayed behind holding the lift... Denise opened the door looking very sleepy, so I didn't want to disturb her, and didn't go in, and turned around to get in the lift. Patrick asked me to go to the pub with him and I said no thanks. He asked where I was going and I said not to worry, which should come naturally to him as he didn't worry about me the night before. I went back to Wagner's and played cards with Gustavo while some people watched the F1 race - Senna won.

We were all going to Covent Garden, after much faffing about, and on the way out I knocked on Patrick's door and told everyone to wait for me downstairs. Patrick didn't want to go and called the lift so I could go and I said I didn't want to go out anymore. We sat down on a bench opposite the lift. He said he didn't go because he fell asleep and it was late when he woke up. He decided to wait for me and bought food and drink, and he drank, I didn't turn up and he kept drinking. He said he's at a very dangerous stage, he likes me a lot but he's scared, and women just bring trouble, and he doesn't want to suffer and he really didn't want to get involved... I said I felt really scared too. While we were saying all this we kept on being interrupted... Twice by Frank and once by some guy stealing a fuse for his squat.

There was a very intense atmosphere between us, so we bought some hash off Frank and took some photos of the 10th floor (there was a fire there 2 weeks ago, I wasn't around that night, but Patrick ended up having to rescue someone off a balcony, by lifting her to the 11th floor!). The hash was SHITE, it stank of rubber. So we sat there and Patrick asked if I was prepared to hear something and I said yes, thinking he was going to end it...

I LOVE YOU he said. I couldn't believe it! I've been waiting for him to say it so I could say it too, but nothing came out. I was speechless and holding back the tears. He said while he was at the pub with George all he could think of was me and that now he was sure of something he'd been fearing for a while. Finally I said it too and I felt really light. We then made love for 2 hours, 2 whole hours non-stop, we couldn't believe it afterwards when we looked at the time!!!

George came back from the cinema at 10 and we were drinking. We went to sleep at midnight and tried to make love again as we still wanted each other, but we were both exhausted.
On Monday it was a bank holiday and we woke up at 8, made love, had a bath and cleaned his flat. George, Sean and another Irish guy helped, it took us 1.5 hours.

Patrick and I then went to the carnival in Notting Hill. My camera fell on the floor when someone tried to knock it off my hand and I lost half the film. It was so busy. Every 20 meters there was a sound system playing House/Acid music. I never saw so many people in my life!

On Friday night Patrick and I went to the West End, to watch Betty Blue, which we didn't in the end and some street artist made a portrait of me. At first I hated it but then it started to look a bit enigmatic and it grew on me. Patrick stuck

Oleficia Gorlitov. 1995 - 2026

it to the side of his bed. I found myself staring at it a couple of times, somewhat enchanted by it. Have to go now, this time we are watching Betty Blue for sure.

London 20/09/1990 Wednesday
Gustavo went back to Brazil a while ago, I think it was the 30th of August. Tomorrow night Patrick and I are going to Ireland to his nephew's christening on Sunday. I wasn't going but he insisted and I thought why not? We are going to Galway and I'm going to meet his whole family. I'm shitting myself. We get back on Monday and when we come back he wants to move to a proper flat. I don't want to leave Seven Sisters, we know everyone there!

Last Friday was Pequeno's birthday. Patrick and I dropped half an acid each and off we went. The squat he's staying at is divine! It's a four storey house and on the basement there's a cafe with a counter and everything. An amazing space! What a lucky guy. Patrick and I stayed in the garden until 2am tripping. When we felt able to talk to people again Pequeno, Wagner, Karl, Felipe and another 6 people were in the basement. Pequeno played some Candomble songs and an American guy got into it and looked possessed by spirits. I was playing the drums at one point, it was magical.

We slept at 4 and woke up at 9, Patrick was very late and I would have been half hour late for work... In King's Cross they had found a dead body on the train, and the line stopped, I waited for half hour and nothing. I got a bus and got off at the wrong stop... So I didn't make it to Portobello Road until 11:30 and Letitia wouldn't believe what I told her. She said I was in bed with Patrick and that's why I was so late. She said she'd done that herself. Except I wasn't lying and I nearly told her to fuck off and left, just because she's irresponsible it doesn't mean I am. But we are friends and we made up in the end.

I was going to be graded and get my first Capoeira belt this week, but it's too expensive and I had a choice to make between paying for my batizado or my English exam in December (Cambridge First Certificate). Of course I'm paying for the exam... Also the batizado is on Sunday and I'll be in Ireland.

I woke up with another cold today. My mum and I are going from bad to worse, we barely see each other and when we do we argue. She complains about everything. And she doesn't want to renew my Visa in October. I'm fucked.

London 26/09/1990 Wednesday
We are back already, unfortunately. What a great trip. We arrived in Dublin at 23:00 on Thursday and Patrick's relatives picked us up and took us to Ashbourne. We went straight to the pub for Patrick to drink proper Guinness and I met Patrick's father's four brothers. We went to one of his uncle's house and they gave me hot whiskeys, for my cold and I passed out at 4. We also met Patrick's grandma, a crazy old lady! She has a boyfriend, drinks like a fish and never stops talking... A joy! On Friday afternoon we got a bus to Dublin, it only took half hour. We dropped our bags in a B&B and went to Trinity College, where Patrick studied, to meet one of his friends, Paddy.

We arranged to meet all his friends later and then Patrick showed me the coast. We had dinner and took the train back to Dublin. The evening was mad. The pubs in Dublin are PACKED! It's insane. We ended up in a pub where all his college friends meet. Everything was fine, Patrick got up every five minutes, to drink, talk to someone or have a piss... I was just sitting down talking with Paddy. He was calling people one by one and introducing me
- This is Leticia... From Brazil.
- From where? Brazil? What the hell are you doing here? - was the most common reaction, which made me laugh every time. I love the Irish accent.
It was closing time and everyone was leaving and no sign of Patrick. I went outside on my own and soon Paddy, Robbie and the rest of the gang (about 10 people) came out. Patrick vanished for forty minutes. Robbie kept saying he ran off with another woman. I just felt ice running through my veins again. We all went to Olympia once Patrick showed up again. This is where new bands play. It's a theatre. There were seven of us by then and we sat down and drank and drank. I passed out and when I woke up the show had finished. Patrick was asleep on one side and Robbie on the other. I went to the toilet and woke Patrick up when I came back. We couldn't get Robbie up and Patrick ended up slapping him to wake him up, this nearly resulted in them two having a fight! I loved and hated Robbie. We argued three times over nothing. But I nearly cried when the two said goodbye to each other.

Oleticia Golubov, 1990 - 2025

We went to the B&B and I went to sleep alone in that spare bed. I didn't Patrick him near me. He said he didn't understand but I didn't even want to talk to him. He moaned and groaned, and that was funny but I laughed very quietly and went to sleep.

We got the bus to Galway the next day. I would only open my mouth when strictly necessary and wouldn't look at his face. Eventually he said that when he disappeared he was with another ex-girlfriend. He said she went after him, hugged and kissed him and that it was all her fault. Of course it was, I said, you poor innocent victim. After he told me what had actually happened I was fine... Also I was about to face his family so I had to forget about the night before.

We arrived in Galway at 18:00 and it was raining. We went to the restaurant where Patrick's mum and his younger brother work. I liked his mum. We went to a B&B, made love - after two days! and went to his family home. I met his dad, three sisters, baby, the dog, his mum and three brothers which I had met already. Everything was fine.

We went to sleep early, I wasn't feeling well. On Sunday we woke up, had coffee then stayed in bed until 2. And then we went to Patrick's family's home and from there to the christening: John Patrick, and Patrick was the godfather. Afterwards there was a party with food and drink. After Patrick, Cormac and some friends went to a pub, then dancing and then bed...

On Monday Patrick took me for a stroll on the beach and we ate with his family. His dad cooked for everyone. We then went to Dublin and caught our flight back at 9, back in London at 11…
https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/1090791

London 09/10/1990 Wednesday
Had a crazy week! Last Tuesday I decided to stay at home with my mum. I started a photography course last Monday. On Weds I went to Seven Sisters and stayed with Patrick. On Thursday I went to work and Patrick didn't call. When I saw my mum at the English course she said he had called telling me to meet him in Victoria, as he was waiting for Cormac to arrive. I decided not to go and went home. At 11 I felt a desperate need to see him and I went to Seven Sisters, my mum wasn't too happy but she can't stop me, I'm an adult.

I got there and he wasn't home yet so I talked to George, Sean, Cristina, Felipe. I went to sleep at one in his bed, a bit worried. I only woke up the next day and nearly had a heart attack when I realised Patrick wasn't there. I started crying. I asked George to tell Patrick to put my things in a bag that I'd get them on Monday. I pulled my drawing off the wall and went to work. I had two acids for me and Patrick. I was so angry I decided to take it, with Letitia... At work, at 2 in the afternoon. It started to hit us at 4, very strong. We were struggling to control ourselves and act normal. What an insanely stupid idea that was. It was her first acid ever. At six Patrick called me saying he had called on Thursday but Sharon (shop manager) didn't tell me, the bitch! I said I couldn't meet him and that I was going out with other friends and put the phone down on him.

We closed the shop, at last! and went to the park with Letitia's new man, Dani. He had launched his LP that day (Secret Desire) and wasn't very happy, and he has a girlfriend... messy. The atmosphere was weird so he left. We went to the record shop next door to Desire to see Letitia's French friends (Jean Phillipe/Pierre) and we stayed there for a while. I felt like crying so I cried for a bit. We talked a bit more and then went to a pub. Letitia and I were tripping hard and I was in a bad place taking everyone with me. Everyone was going to watch a show but I decided I couldn't handle it. I was going a bit insane, I didn't feel comfortable anywhere and I just wanted to go to Seven Sisters. Letitia and I stayed in the pub and then it all went topsy-turvy. I thought I was mad, she was scared and disgusted with me but wouldn't let me leave. I went to the toilet and, she in came too, but even that took half an hour to happen. When we got there she started to take her clothes off, and I got scared, and she asked for something to happen between us and looked at me in a way she never looked at me before... I said no, not possible. Then she wanted to leave the cubicle, and I asked her to stay as I needed company. She was going to run off and I grabbed her by the arm and shouted: WAKE UP!!!!!

Stefania Galubov, 1989 - 2025

We ended up having a wee together, sharing the same seat, back to back, no more sexual tension in the air. Insanity! We ran out of the pub and she wanted me to go home with her, she was begging me to go, she thought everyone was my accomplice and that everyone hated her. I was getting really paranoid too and I needed to be with Patrick. So I waited for her to get a taxi and went to Seven Sisters. When I got there I bumped into someone on the lift, he said Patrick was in his room, asleep. I knocked on the door, it was midnight, and George wouldn't let me in, he said Patrick was in bed with someone, the wind up merchant! For ten minutes he wouldn't let me in. I started crying, he got distracted and I ran in and turned the light on. Patrick was asleep, on his own. George came in and started talking to me, asking what I'd been doing... Patrick woke up and asked George to leave and then fell asleep again. I cried for half an hour and then started trying to understand what the heck was going on in my head. All I wanted was him and I kept trying to wake him up. I turned the light off and started kissing him. NOTHING. I lost it and started bouncing the bed, asking him to talk to me. Finally he woke up and I talked to him. I told him I never felt like this before. That I went crazy when I didn't see him in the morning, that I was afraid I was so in love. He said he's scared too, he doesn't like depending on me and that he's always worried about me. I said I tried to run from him and that's why I didn't go to the pub. I said everything was suffocating me - and talked about my feelings, but I never told him about the acid or all that craziness! We made love and it was so amazing and strong. I couldn't cum though, blame the acid for that.

On Saturday we stayed in. Felipe told him he had given me two tabs and Patrick asked me what I had done with them, so I told him what happened. He took one, but I didn't want any. When the acid hit him we made love, and I knew how good that felt. We woke up at 4pm on Sunday and I went out to take some photos for my course. He slept until six.

On Monday I developed my first film, I spent all my money on materials for the course. I can't survive on just three days a week's money.

London 14/10/1990 Sunday

Everything was going well, until last Thursday - two Thursdays ago was also rough. Patrick didn't call me at work, and silly me, I still went to 7 Sisters, after English class. When I got to Patrick's, Sean told me he'd gone to the pub with George. I went to D's flat, everyone was there, as usual. I stayed there, chatting, until half past midnight. I went back to Patrick's and he still wasn't there. I laid down in his bed, reading "Romeo & Juliet" and fell asleep. Soon after he gets in, really drunk, of course. I was ok with him as I wasn't upset. Then when he laid down I saw he had a black satin glove on his hand. I asked where he got that and he said he'd found it - I later saw it was ripped. He came to kiss me and I said his breath was getting me drunk. He looked a bit taken back, I turned around and went to sleep. The atmosphere wasn't great in the morning, I just got up and left.

On Friday I went to the Ealing branch of the shop (Desire) as I was looking after it alone, but when I got there Letitia was there already. Sharon (general manager) had sent her there and she wanted me in the Portobello Rd. branch as she didn't think I could cope on my own, as it was a Friday, and it's busy! Sharon is a bitch. I went to Portobello Rd and then she left me on my own all day, even though that shop is a lot busier than Ealing! Obviously I managed OK on my own, no problem. Sharon only got back late, at 6:30. I had to wait until she was back. For payback I took a pair of trousers and a jacket. She's so ignorant. Letitia and I are thinking of leaving the job together.

Patrick called me at the shop and I asked him to come to mine at 8.30pm for us to go out after. I went home, had a shower and Patrick showed up. He put his hand out to shake mine and said "Friends again?". I said "Of course, friends always." He said "Only friends?" and I said "Yes" and there was silence. Then he said he didn't want to lose me, and that was all I wanted to hear. He said that, however, he wanted some time alone too as all his spare time was spent with me. I said it was "ALL OR NOTHING", that "I want 100%" (I was messing around). He said "What about 75% of my free time?". I said "NO!". He said he likes us together and didn't want it all to end over nothing. I stopped playing and said, of course it's ok, as I also need time on my own. Then we made up! Perfect!!! We went out after making up, then got home around 2am and made some crazy love! I went to work half dead on Saturday, so tired. I had the key to the shop and couldn't be late, but still I was 10 minutes late. I had to go to Ealing to give the key to Terry (Letitia forgot to leave the key when she worked there) and only got back to Portobello around noon. Sharon is Rob's older sister - not sure I even mentioned that. It's how Letitia and Rob met. Rob is my age, a couple of years younger than Letitia.

Oletitia Gotuzzo, 1969 - 2020

Patrick called to say he'd be at the shop at 6 (he left work early). At 5, Sharon put me in a taxi with her two daughters to drop them off at Ealing, and I didn't get back until 6:30. Letitia and Dominique were waiting for me but no Patrick. We met Rob and went to drink wine and Letitia left. Rob and I went to Dominique's house to smoke & drink. I left at 8:30 to go to Seven Sisters and when I got there Patrick was sleeping, he slept all afternoon. I was tired and fell asleep. Two hours later Patrick woke me up saying there was a party at D's. Sean, George, D, Chris, Wagner, Felipe, Robinson, Otavio, Celio, Patrick and I were at the party. Chris' squat was locked in with the key inside so they had to break in through the bathroom window. When Patrick and I went back to his the door wouldn't open either, the key got stuck, so we all had to get in through the window. My trousers and top got caught on a nail and both got ripped! Patrick managed to open the door again this morning after much fiddling.

We did a big clean up of Patrick's squat with Sean and George and we went to D's house but we were a bit fed up with each other. D made a nice meal for D, Ro, Fe, Chris and Otavio. I was going to eat some too but she started with her stupid jokes (she reminds me of Renata sometimes) saying I shouldn't eat as it was going to make me sick. "Oh, you think so?" I said, and put the plate down and sat on the sofa with a knot on my throat. Everyone started telling me to eat but I left and went to Patrick's flat and cried. About 10m later Patrick came in and I was packing my bag. He kept calling me but I wouldn't answer, I just couldn't. I went to the bathroom to cry there. I guess what he said to me upset me and then Denise's stupid joke was the last straw. I felt abandoned. When I was in the bathroom Denise came in to say she was sorry, but I didn't open the door. I just said it was fine, I'd go and eat in a minute and I went back to the bedroom.

George came in to talk to me, I told him what happened, he left and I sat there, looking at the sky. Then I heard Patrick saying "See you later" and banging the door. I just watched him leave from his bedroom window. I wrote a note saying he could have 100% of his free time and that loving him was not good for me. If that letter was for me I'd never want to see me again... I'm not contacting him anymore. I left Seven Sisters and went to Camden, it was 5.30 when I got there. I walked around for a bit and bumped into Karl. We talked for a bit, he's going to Brazil on the 28th. I got fed up and came home, my mum isn't here but should be in soon. She's going to bug me asking me why I'm home but I don't want to talk about it with anyone. I'm in shock. Is this how it ends, over something stupid? I'm such an over sensitive idiot, I take everything too seriously. I'm starting to hate myself and hating being in love. I'm too insecure. Enough, otherwise I'll start crying again.

London 17/10/1990 Wednesday
Everything was going so well until another damned Thursday happened...

I worked at Ealing on Thursday and called Patrick. I had given him a lovely letter that morning, which he had read and when I called him he said he loved the letter. As the atmosphere was very romantic I said I'd go to his that evening after my English lesson. He said he'd be home waiting for sure, that he wasn't going out, under no circumstances!

So I went to English school to hand in my essay and pick up the homework - it's half-term so no lesson. I came home, had a shower, had dinner and went out again to go to Seven Sisters. I got there at 9.30pm. I knocked on Patrick's flat door, Zeno opened it and said that Patrick wasn't there, that he hadn't come home from work! My blood boiled! My face dropped. I said bye to Zeno and went to the bus stop, kicking everything in sight. I was crying with anger. After everything he said on Monday! Everything was great. I couldn't believe he'd done this. I turned around and went back to his flat and wrote an angry note. I said he was the one destroying the relationship, that if he wanted to play games to do it to somebody else. If he didn't want to see me why say he'd be at home? And a bunch of other things... I felt a bit better and came home. My mum was home but I just went straight to bed.

On Friday I went to work in the Portobello branch, I was on my own all day, Letitia worked at the Ealing shop. Patrick called me around 3. I told him I was dead and no longer existed. He asked if there was any chance he could be forgiven. I said NO and put the phone down.

Then Letitia called me asking if I could gather some clothes I no longer needed to give to a Brazilian friend to sell at the market. There were some clothes Letitia had given us at Patrick's flat so I told her I'd go pick them up in the evening.

Cristina Golubov. 1989 - 2025

Just the excuse I needed, because, really, I wanted to go and see him. I got there after work, opened the door to his flat and there he was, sat on the sofa. I asked him to sort which clothes he wanted, that I needed the rest to sell on, and once he did that, I put the ones he didn't want into a bag he lent me. He went back to the living room without even trying to talk to me, so I left.

I got to the lift then I went back to his flat, and called him a bastard! He laughed, I left. I got on the bus, but I wasn't going to just leave it at that. Oh no! I got off the bus and went back to his flat. He was exactly in the same place I'd left him: on the sofa, looking sad. I felt sorry for him. So I said "Well, let's start again."

He looked at me really sad. I asked him why he was being like this, but he said nothing. George and Zeno came back. I started thinking it was the end, that he never liked me anyway, that he was lying all along and now he had an easy way to get rid of me. I decided to go for good and went to collect my things and finally he decided to say something. He asked me to go to his bedroom for us to talk. Of course I went... It was what I wanted. Very slowly, bit by bit the conversation started to gather momentum, until we spoke freely.

He said he was really sorry, he didn't know why he went for a drink with John after work and then he couldn't stop drinking. He said he loves me and doesn't want to lose me and didn't understand why it happened, when everything was going so well between us. I said I lost trust in him and wasn't sure I could give him another chance. He started swearing he'd never stood me up again. I asked him to stop swearing. He seemed so sad, I was getting super sad too. Finally he said he disappeared on Thursday because he's still running away and can't give himself completely, that he's scared. After about 10 minutes of silence, I asked him out for a drink and we went to the pub. I didn't let him pay for any drinks, all on me! I said I'd give it another go as I like him so much.

Sirka joined us, we bought pizza and got free ice cream and we sat outside the pub eating. There was some leftover pizza so I started a pizza and ice cream food fight so we could have a laugh. I needed to see Patrick laughing, he still looked really down.

We went to sleep, I laid there awake for ages, I couldn't sleep. I went to work the next day, Saturday. Letitia got sent to work at Kensington Market. Patrick called at 3, but the shop was too busy, I couldn't answer. Five minutes later I received a bunch of red flowers! I melted! I tried calling him but he had left work. He called at 6, I thanked him for the flowers, which he said were to say sorry for Thursday.

After work I helped Letitia with the clothes, went home and then went to Seven Sisters, didn't get there until 9.30. Patrick was looking out the window waiting for me, when I arrived at his flat - his door is almost always unlocked when someone is home. He hadn't seen me arriving because I came from a different direction. We were supposed to go to party but I was very late - the party was at his uncle's squat, which is far away. We didn't go in the end. We went to D's flat, everyone was there. Wagner was making trouble with everyone. Pat and I were stuck together all night and we went to bed at 2. We woke up on Sunday, had coffee and a shower together, it was so nice! Then we went to Camden with George. It was very cold. Patrick bought five tapes and I bought a pair of crazy earrings. We got back to his flat, played chess, made love and slept until midnight. We ate and then slept again. It was so perfect, now I'm scared it's all downhill from now on. But I won't think too much, I'll just enjoy it!

London 09/11/1990 Wednesday
Everyone in the block who was occupying a squat received a letter a month ago, the letter stated that the case was going to court on the 30th of October. Everyone thought that after the 30th there would have been another 2 weeks and everyone would have to go, either rent or open other squats.

The council used to send letters with a time and place to leave the squat, but no one had received such letters yet. On this day Patrick and I hadn't heard the alarm and we only woke up at 8. Sean came in and told us the police were on the 14th floor, kicking everyone out. Denise and Robinson were on the 14th floor that morning because their flat was without a door (I will tell you why later) and that flat was one of the first ones to go. All we knew was the police were

Letitia Gorbova 1990 - 2025

three floors above us. Then Felipe turns up saying the police had taken Robinson, handcuffed, and that he was going to be deported! He was in England illegally... I was in shock.

Twenty minutes later the police arrived at Patrick's flat saying that if we didn't leave there and then we'd be arrested for not paying for electricity. They had a judicial order. So us two, Zeno and Sean packed everything in 10 minutes and left it on the corridor.

I went to the 14th floor to see Denise and she was shaky but holding it together. I had to go to work with a lump on my throat. Patrick stayed to take his things to a friend's squat in another building.

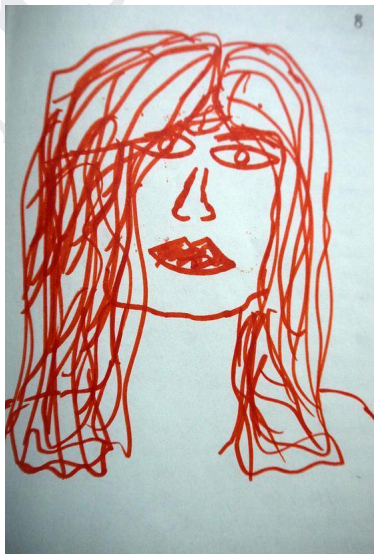
Letitia was in Paris, and I had been working full time since Tuesday. On that day a drunk walked in the shop and started being a nuisance, I nearly hit him after he grabbed a cigarette off my hand. I started crying. I was so worried about Robinson. I got home and Patrick turned up. Driving a car! I knew he was going to buy one, as he's just passed his test, but didn't realise it was so soon. They had found a potential squat nearby, but they took a better look and it's not a council house, so they would end up in prison if they broke in.

We went to Seven Sisters to see how things were, and to try and buy a squat from Billy. Denise and Felipe were there trying to buy one too. Denise had been to visit Robinson in prison and was calmer. Robinson will be in prison until they find him a flight home, could be tomorrow or in two months. And he asked Denise to marry him!

Drawings that were in the diary:

Mum

Patrick



Me!

Robinson was deported a few weeks later and Denise went with him. When she left I 'inherited' her clients, she worked as a cleaner of private houses, earning relatively good money.

Patrick and I stayed together on and off until I was 23 years old and started going to university to study Computer Science! Sadly it turned out that Patrick was an alcoholic and things got very bad for him before they got better and I couldn't cope with his illness.

Last I heard from him in '98, he had been going to AA meetings for a while and was back living in his hometown. Patrick was my first proper boyfriend and I'll always remember those crazy days we shared fondly.

Letitia found love with the guy who worked next door to the clothes shop on Portobello Road, in the record shop, the handsome Jean Pierre, and they moved to Paris. We visited them once but lost touch eventually. Shame really, but such is life. She was an amazing friend and mentor.

London Zoo 1990 https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/1532037
Ireland September 1990 https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/1090791
Capoeira 1990 - https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/sets/72157666070955242/
January 1991 - A LOT OF SNOW https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/1518344/
Easter 1991 - Gran Canaria https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/1095914/
Visit to Paris Dec '92 https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/72157594400794417/
Photography Course 1991-1992 https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/1248383
1990-1993 misc photos https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/1351460/
The 90s photo collection https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/collections/72157603399139213/

London, sometime in early 1991…
I could have been a porn star…
I was living with my then boyfriend in a nice, one bedroom flat in Seven Sisters, after he'd been evicted from the squat where we first met and he decided to actually pay rent. He was earning a good wage as a civil engineer and I was working as a cleaner and in a clothes shop on Portobello Road.

One Sunday morning we went to 'Church'. This was a place somewhere in Central London where Australians, Kiwis and any other morning party people gathered for early Sunday drinking. It was my first time there and the place was kinda sleazy, with half naked women walking around (can't remember if they were strippers or waitresses) and hundreds of seriously drunk people, getting drunker by the second. Church opened at around noon. I can't remember if we had been out all night the night before or had some sleep beforehand, but knowing me I'd probably had some sleep, I've never been known for endurance partying/drinking, even when I was young and I was 19 years old when this took place.

They had these drunk competitions, you know the type, spin around till you can't spin no more, drink, then spin around some more... Somehow we ended up on stage, taking part in the 'swap ALL of your clothes' competition. Winner gets a crate of beer and the chance to enter a competition to win a holiday. I was tipsy by then so I thought, yeah, why not? We completely swapped all our clothes incredibly fast (I wasn't comfortable being entirely naked in front of all those people so I was very quick) and WON! Wooooooohooo I thought. We got the crate of beer and they asked for our name and number to enter the said competition. I didn't even drink beer so my boyfriend got to drink it all.

A few days later our phone rings and I answer. A man introduces himself, saying he'd seen me on stage in Church and would I like to be in a porn movie? I'd be with an older man and get £500 a day for three days filming.

Now, £500 a day is still a tidy sum these days but back then it was A LOT. The man's voice was reassuring and menacing at the same time; insistent but not too pushy. I was only 19 years old... I actually talked to him for a long while and at first I said I didn't want to do the movie, but he made it all sound pleasant and simple... And there was the money! In the end I gave in and agreed I'd do it. He was going to call me back with the location/date and any further details in a couple of days.

When my boyfriend got home I told him the good news: I was going to be in a porn movie and get a shitload of cash. He wasn't impressed. But I just saw him as a hypocrite. He had porn magazines and had watched porn (VHS back then!) and I was a strong, liberated woman! Why was it ok for him to look at porn but not ok for me to be in a porn movie??? So we spent a lot of time arguing about this but nothing he said convinced me not to do it. He could never beat me in arguments, my railroading teenage black and white no grey area logic always prevailed.

I don't know if my boyfriend called my mother or if I just told her when we spoke but this ended up being one of the two crucial occasions when I did actually listen to her (the other one was when she advised me to not marry a friend to help him stay in the UK, which I was also uneasy about). My mother told me that if I did this they might give me drugs while I was there and that I might end up doing more than what I had intended on doing and that I would very likely regret it, I'd be having sex with an old man whom I might not be attracted to. She didn't even need to go into the REALLY horrible things that could happen to dissuade me from the idea...

Elena Colombo 1990 - 2025

From the moment I had agreed to be a part in this film I had a bad feeling about it and I didn't really want to do it, but my arguments with with my boyfriend and what I saw as hypocrisy on his part meant I had cornered myself into doing it. I was actually relieved that my mother felt strongly that I shouldn't do it and this gave me the resolve to tell the guy, next time he called, that I was out. I wasn't going to take part in his porn movie. He sounded kinda angry on the phone which made me say no again even more vehemently and I asked him to never call me again.

I started wondering if there really was a porn movie taking place, but I think that was so. We figured that Church was a recruiting/grooming ground for this sort of thing, and I think they probably called the other girls too, because they took everyone's numbers down when the competition finished, I remember that clearly, while thinking "Why are they taking everyone's numbers if we were the only ones who won? Maybe everyone gets to enter the Win a Holiday Competition?" I never set foot in there again.

I never really liked or got into porn but at that age you kinda want to fit in and be cool and it seemed that porn was the most natural thing in the world. The subject became a bit of a side interest to me after that, how the porn industry works, how young people get exploited and get sucked into it and spat out, but also how it benefits some people, mostly the producers/film makers, but there are people who have long, happy careers out of it. I'm glad Boogie Nights only came out a few years later and not before this all happened, because I might have felt stronger about taking part in it. BUT, London is no California and I ain't no Dirk Diggler… I could have been the skater girl, I did like skating!

I am glad I never took part in it, I don't think it would have been a happy experience for me. Thanks mum, for giving me the strength and reasons to say no to it.

I found this http://www.kentishtowner.co.uk/2013/03/01/top-5-lost-london-nightclubs-of-the-90s/2/ and Church gets a mention

Midweek the site operated as a huge Roller Disco, while on Sunday afternoons, Antipodean drinking and wet t-shirt fest The Church resided for a decade, before a move up the road to wreak havoc at Kentish Town Forum.

And it seems The Church lived on for many years, finally RIP in 2015, according to this
http://www.australiantimes.co.uk/the-church-closing-end-of-days-for-londons-expat-house-of-sin/
According to myth, to skate around licencing laws, parishioners did not buy drinks. Rather, they bought tickets which could be exchanged for beers once inside. The beers were free, the tickets were not.

Once on hallowed ground, worshipers indulged in an orgy of song, dance, drinking games, strippers and other blasphemous displays of human flesh and expat debauchery. In modern times, in the face of dwindling Aussie and Kiwi believers The Church's clergy successfully converted hedonistic students and expats from other lands. But it became a holy ghost; a (just about) sanitised, fancy-dressed shadow of its obscene former self. And now, the great beast is slain.

London 12/10/91 Saturday
(wow, I'd forgotten how messed up and lost I was back then. Demanding, insecure and needy, poor boyfriend. But also finding meaning in life through Photography.)
Hi! I'm writing in English because I don't think I can write in Portuguese no more. After many things happening (I'll write them down slowly) we're living apart (Pat + me). We went to the continent in Jul/Aug for two weeks and since then I'm living in Bounds Green and he lives in Turnpike Lane. I didn't want to live apart, he did. We see each other nearly every night but still I, deep inside, think he doesn't love me. If he did he'd want to live with me! SO I behave very strangely towards him. I just don't believe he loves me, even though he says he does he isn't behaving accordingly. The other night I broke a window with a punch because I wasn't getting any attention at all.

I found a magazine full of naked girls in it earlier on and that really hurt. I don't know if I'm crazy but I can't stand some things he does (such as those magazines, wanting to live apart). The only explanation I find is that he won't leave me because he is used to the situation, it's safe sex. I don't know if I hate myself, if I'm too complicated, but I think if I was blonde, with big tits, spoke proper English, he then would love me the way I love him. And that makes me furious because I like to think I'm really nice in a unique way but every time he sees a nice girl he keeps looking at her (he

Cláudia Gonçalves, 1989 - 2023

thinks I don't notice) and I just feel inadequate for him. It's not that I don't look at other guys: I do appreciate good things in life. I might even turn out to be a male nude photographer, but Pat couldn't care less if I'm looking or not. You might ask: what are you doing with him? Well, most of the time he does seem to love me.

But the worst bit is that I'm so insecure that sometimes I think I'm overreacting and being paranoid. If, at least, I was sure whether he's a bastard or not it'd be much easier telling him to fuck off. Mind you, I've done it 100s of times, next day things were good. As we have totally different backgrounds and sometimes I get offended by his jokes. I know I'm terribly dependent and want attention all the time from him. I try to change and be a nice human being but it's very strong. Parents really fuck you up. I remember doing really terrible things and never being punished by my mother. I should be grateful she was so understanding but I became a brat! Sometimes I'm surprised he's still with me because I can be really nasty and torture him psychologically with my doubts about his love so he must love me somehow.

You, piece of paper, can now figure out the sort of mess my mind is in. I wish I was an uncomplicated sort of girl: life would be simpler.

Tonight, for example, we arranged to go to Highcombe meet a friend of his. Yesterday I went to meet him at the Intrepid Fox but I couldn't find the pub, I got lost in Soho and nearly got raped. I was mentally raped by these 3 English bastards, but was saved from being physically raped by 2 black drug dealers... Anyway, I don't want to talk about it. I found the pub after all that shit and he wasn't there! I walked around for another hour and went to Patrick's place. When he got home and heard the whole thing he said he'd never leave me alone again.

Tonight came and we met at the Queen's Head. I said I didn't want to go away from London and I only wanted to stay home with him. He went anyway, he would never change his fucking plans because of me. He's never run after me. I like a hot, dramatic relationship. I like someone who shows his feelings and makes me feel loved, not neglected. He just rang me now saying that he loves me! That's not what I call love. Yeah, he loves me as long as he can go out by himself, no commitments. He loves me as he loves a puppy and he expects me to behave like one! That's how I feel now. When he comes tomorrow I'll forget my thoughts for a while and hate myself later on for letting me be treated like that. I've never felt so lost and confused in my whole existence. Sometimes I HATE him, sometimes I LOVE him so much. Sometimes I don't like if he touches me. It's crazy. The whole relationship is driving me mad and I don't see a way out of it.

Enough of this shit!

After a lot of hard work I got there: Photography Course, for a year, 3 days a week, since September 16th. That brought a new meaning to life and made me more confident. I still clean six houses in 2 days, very exhausting and money is never enough. I'm getting £85.50 a week, paying £44 in rent, not being able to pay a night out (Pat is helping me on that). But I'm loving it. On the other hand Pat is a bit envious because he's working like a dog, full of debts. He could not go to college because he paid half my fee at college, £200. I feel terribly guilty. Apart from that there's a bill from the flat where he lived b4. It's a phone bill of £440 which more than half is my fault. And what can I do? All I know is when I'm rich I'll make up for all this shit. I feel horrible he's going through so much (financially speaking) because of me!

I don't understand how he still loves me after all this shit with money. He might have done some bad things, but being honest I've been bad too. That's why I'm confused. On the one hand I've been horrible in all aspects and he's been putting up with it. On the other he's been nasty too. The thing is that I'm much more cruel than him when he does something I don't like. I think I'm not very good at forgiving and I'm too hard. I wish I knew why! He's not perfect but I make his mistakes look small by overreacting and going crazy when he's wrong. I don't think I should have babies as I would be a very domineering mother.

Also I find it very difficult to socialise. I can talk to anyone all the polite conversation. After a while (3 or 4 'meetings') I find nothing to talk about. I think people find me boring and I don't like the way I talk. Somehow I hide all these feelings and people just find me arrogant at first and, probably silly, eventually. It's hard being a foreigner!

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Dear piece of paper (or should I say diary?) you know how I feel now. You probably have a headache by now!

London 28/05/92 Thursday
I think I need to write, so I can practice (you know I've been writing my diaries since I was 13 years old!). My life is a mess, so you can't complain about me feeling worried.

At this stage the photography course is nearly finished and I don't know whether I'll pass or not! I'm really behind for various reasons, mainly money.

I find it difficult to write but I have to make the effort.

I'm signing on and getting housing benefit, now I only clean two houses a week. I dropped one and the other three sacked me. It all happened gradually, life has been a bit of a struggle and even though I'm organised and always watch myself things go wrong mostly because other people are unreliable (society is...)

My mum is on Income Support and Housing Benefit. She's still looking for a job. Somehow I have no time for her and I feel bad too. But it's like I'll never be OK until she is settled. She's always on my mind.

Letitia (simply the best!) went to Paris last year and she's arriving in London today but I don't have a phone no, so she's been talking to Patrick. Anyway, it's 23:17 and now news yet. Raissa, an acquaintance from Brazil, is arriving tomorrow from Paris as well so I could have a good weekend apart from the fact that I've two projects to do!

Me + Patrick are ok: 2 years on the 2nd of June. TWO YEARS! We're getting more like siblings committing incest. I don't get jealous anymore and I trust him much more than last time I wrote.

We went to the Canary Islands (Gran Canaria) for 15 days on Mid-April (Easter). It was very good apart from the fact that the airline never put my bag with my camera in the plane so I spent two weeks in agony wondering where the most important object in my life was. It was quite stressful since I was supposed to be doing a project while I was away and I couldn't. Now I think I only wasted time going away. It was wonderful but having so many important things on hold here I just can't love this love holiday as much as I should have had!

photos taken with disposable camera https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/1095914
I'm reading a book about Van Gogh. What a fucked up person he was! There's a programme about Magritte now on TV. I want to see his exhibition at Hayward Gallery but I can't afford it.

London 28/08/92 Friday
Feelings on the 1st day without a cigarette!

After reading a book by Alan Carr and going through the most excruciating cold + coughing my lungs out I decided to give up. I have been smoking for 6 years and have had enough. I only spent 24 hours without smoking once before but it was forced then, this time I made a choice.

If it was a normal day, by this time I would have had 5 cig. today already (+ I've only been awake for 3 hours!). It sounds ridiculous, only three hours without smoking (plus another 12 I spent sleeping because of my cold). I've got a slight headache for the second time today. They come, stay for a while and go again. It's the nicotine showing itself up. But I'm gonna make it. All I can think about is having a smoke and then how sick it will make me!

London 08/09/1992 Tuesday
I'm smoking again… But much less and today I have no money so I won't be smoking.

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Patrick's very depressed. His work at the bridge (Chelsea) will be over in a month and he does not know if Murphy's will have a job for him. Also he wants a car badly again and can't afford it. It's his own fault he can't afford anything. He earns a fortune every week, but drinks a lot. He just doesn't know how to manage his money! Anyway, he's seriously thinking of going to Sevilla. He asked me to come with him: I won't. He is so weak sometimes! He's in such a state he's not able to decide anything for himself. If I said I'd go with it would be easier for him to make a decision. But I want to settle down for a while and take care of my career and my life.

If he goes I think I'll be very angry at him and very lonely over here, but if he feels better with himself I rather he went tomorrow. I'm sick of seeing him so depressed. We went away in Europe for two weeks (we went around 10th of August) and since he's back it's been shit. Sometimes I think I don't love him anymore, I might be in love with someone else, but I can't stop caring about him.

Last Thursday he was coming for dinner at my place but never turned up. Next day I rang his work and he had not turned up. So after I finished the cleaning job I went straight to his place. He was in bed and terribly depressed. I was angry for being stood up and caused a row. He didn't turn up the night before because he went drinking after work and couldn't stop. He arrived home at 4 o'clock and obviously did not get up next morning. My boyfriend is an alcoholic!

I am really fed up with being less important than a pint glass full of cider.

Last Saturday Pat, Duncan and I went to Capoeira. Patrick met Karl at the tube one day and Karl gave Pat the address at The Place. We went there and I saw Karl. He's living in a squat now and his hair has grown a lot. Anyway, I played a bit and was not so bad after a year (longer, even!), so I'll be back next week.

Also Alan (Pat's ex housemate) has gone to Israel for a year and left his mountain bike at the house, so now I have it! I have been cycling a lot lately.

London 13/03/1993 Saturday
Time to write again...

I don't think I ever wrote that I had moved to Essex Road with a 'friend' from the Photography course called Anna. It's a housing association 4 bedroom flat + I have been here since July 92.

I did not know Anna was a lesbian + only found out after I moved in. She has a girlfriend. It didn't bother me, I'm not a homophobic. The thing is she knew I had a boyfriend before I moved in and still, she didn't like having Patrick around. Anna and her girlfriend are, basically, two bitches, two stupid, smelly, dirty bitches! The situation deteriorated and in December she asked me to move out. I thought why the fuck should I move out? Since I moved in I decorated the place, made it look nice (it was very derelict previously), installed a telephone, got a beautiful rescue white cat to make the flat feel like home... And the silly demented cow asks me to move out! But after a meeting with the housing counsellors I was pressured to move because she was here first.

The thing is I only got in here because of her help. But she's made me pay a hell of a price for helping me out. I said I'd move out being that I had no choice as soon as a nice place within the association came up. It has not yet.

Anna and Dee are 30 year old slobs. To try and make me go they do things such as leaving the kitchen a mess, not throwing the rubbish out, hiding the hoover so I can't use it. I mean, being what they are, dirty, filthy pigs. I, basically, ignore them. Anyway, I can't wait to get out of here because they make me sick. This situation really pisses me off. But I'm sure they are going to drown in their own excrement! They deserve it.

I 'broke' up with Patrick last November because I fell for one of his mates. Nothing ever happened between us but I could not pretend anymore. I keep seeing Pat on a regular basis, but since he's started working nights things have changed. I see him once a week for a short period of time. We are more friends than anything else. He managed to buy a car and is now living in Willesden Green, in a squat. That is miles away.

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In November, as I could not get a job, I started Employment Training in Business Administration at Sight & Sound City College. Doing things like touch typing, computers , shorthand. Last week I started a work placement in a company called Parker Young Partnership in Clerkenwell. It is a small design consultancy firm that consists of two partners: Kim Parker and Alaistair Young. I don't get any extra money for it, but I'm getting experience and will soon have a decent job. So that side of my life is doing fine.

I met a guy at college called Pasquale, and we have been 'seeing' each other since the 2nd of March. I still feel like I'm going out with Pat, so that is a bit strange. I can't bring myself to tell Pat I'm seeing someone else. Pasquale lives with his ex-girlfriend, but they haven't touched each other for over a year. He is Italian (born in England), 27, shy, skinny, wears glasses, green eyes, tallish. The opposite of Patrick. He lives nearby. And I made all the first moves! I am not in love or anything. But I love being with him, talk to him. Things with Pat were far too intense. As for Pat's mate, they guy I fell desperately for: I stand no chance with him.

I have to stop now because Pasquale is coming around to see me!

THE END, no more writing until http://leticiagolubov.tootington.com/?page_id=565 1999!London 13/03/1993 Saturday

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Leticia Golubov 1989 - 2020

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THE END, no more writing until https://leticiagolubov.co.uk/first-entry/

I moved to a lovely house with a garden soon after and a whole new chapter of my life started. I worked in office admin for nearly a year, discovered an aptitude for computers and started a Foundation year in Maths, Physics & Computing in September 1994 (Kingsway College). The following September I started a degree in Computer Science at the University of North London which was 5 minutes walk from where I lived (Ringcroft Street) for many years and where I had my son at around the same time I was finishing my degree, in December 1998.

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